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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Nothing to Read

A PESSIMIST with two much bile secretion has been writing in one of the weeklies of the low state of the literary market. The novelists are all platitudinous, the critics have no regard for æsthetic perfection, the poets are mere whittlers, except for one or two noble incoherents who might be great if they would take good advice, Willa Cather is trivial, Galsworthy is stupid, Booth Tarkington capers for the public, Robert Frost is a rustic—there is no health in us, and even unhealthiness is badly done, in other words, no one has produced a literary masterpiece for twelve months—and hence there is nothing to read.

This everlasting coddling of potential æsthetic genius grows tiresome. A group of the intellectually superfine and overtempered seems to think that readers' brains, printers' ink, and the whole effort and array of writers' work exist only for the hatching of a perfect sonnet or some miracle of literary prose. They would have astounded Pericles (and Plato) by urging that Greece flourished only to give birth to Phidias and Æschylus; they are content to paw over and behind them all contemporary books in the search for something which justifies its existence by conforming to their definition of transcendence. When this is not mere snobbery, it is absurd. We did not need Spengler to tell us that a work of art is strictly conditioned by its time, and that the age is more important, at least for those who live in it, than the by-products which are its functions and parts.

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Therefore while it is impossible to be too exigent if you are defining artitic masterpieces, it is dangerous to be merely æsthtic in a search for the good in contemporary books The supercilious reader who snuffles about in the year's production and retires with nose up and tail indignantly high, complaining that he cannot find on perfect bone, is as big a fool as the lowbrow thinks im. Finding no pearl of art he leaves all the restis good only for such swine as the rest of us. Science, history, philosophy, politics, biography—all te indispensable nourishment for the imagination ad the intellect, and that fiction, poetry, drama, wich, though not great, is the perspective through wh we see our time, he ignores because it is not hig art. Far from taking all knowledge as his provice, he sees only dimly beyond his own special interes, which are prevailingly literary, whereas the mdern books he must perforce survey are prevailingl not. He cannot see literature in its eternal aspt as the sum total of human experience so far as t can be put in words, but accepts the sentiment definition of a good book as the precious life blo of an exalted spirit, whereas it may equally be th old residuum of a hard-working brain.

June (to be compte) is notoriously one of the dullest and poorest hths in the American publishing season, and yet careful survey of the books published in that mnth of this year shows at least ten or fifteen well rth anyone's reading. Judged by strict *aesthetic* cricism there are only two items in this list worth cosidering for a moment, the last instalment of Galsworthy's Forsyte Saga ("The Silver Spoon") whic however temporal in its political and social passag is an impressive record of our times, and two or three of the short stories in De la Mare's "The Connoisseur," one of which, "The Nap," belongs to the literature of great fiction. Yet substitute for the æsthetic viewpoint one broader and more human, and th story changes. For among this dozen of books are Spengler's "Decline of the West," a philosophical *magnum opus* which, despite its bias of German post-war pessimism, is a definite step forward in the unifying of history by the correlation of all the aspects of an age. There is Durant's readable and often brilliant "Story of Philosophy," as good a compendium as has been made in our

(*Continued on page 6*)

The Cage

By MARTIN ARMSTRONG

MAN, afraid to be alive,
Shut his soul in senses five;
From fields of Uncreated Light
Into the crystal tower of Sight;
And from the roaring Songs of Space
Into the small, flesh-carven place
Of the Ear whose cave impounds
Only small and broken sounds;
And to this narrow sense of Touch
From Strength that held the stars in clutch;
And from the warm ambrosial Spice
Of flowers and fruits of Paradise
To the frail and fitful power
Of Tongue's and Nose's sweet and sour.
And toiling for a sordid wage
There in his self-created Cage
Ah, how safely barred is he
From menace of Eternity.

This Week

"Three Books on Religion." Reviewed by *Rufus M. Jones.*

"Better Writing." Reviewed by *Grant C. Knight.*

"Loeb Classics." Reviewed by *J. M. Cornford.*

"The Art of Being Ruled." Reviewed by *Richard Aldington.*

"Don Juan." Reviewed by *Edward Davison.*

"The Cambridge Ancient History." Reviewed by *M. Rostovtzeff.*

"Die Rheinpolitik Kaiser Napoleons III." Reviewed by *William L. Langer.*

"John Donne." Reviewed by *John M. Berdan.*

"The Poems of Lizette Woodworth Reese." Reviewed by *Padraic Colum.*

"Superwriting." By *Margaret Lynn.*

Next Week, or Later

Suaviter in Modo. By *Elmer Davis.*

"Show Boat." Reviewed by *Henry Seidel Canby.*

The Bowling Green. By *Christopher Morley.*

Murder and Music

By GARNET SMITH

WE have it on the highest Elizabethan authority that the man without music in himself is fit for direst stratagems, and is not to be trusted. While the worthy and puritanic Roger Ascham, tutor of Princess Elizabeth and Latin Secretary for her when Queen, was of the opinion that much music marreth men's manners. Now an Italian contemporary, His Most Illustrious and Serene Highness Don Carlo, Prince of Venosa and lord of many other demesnes, approved himself a murderer and a musician, and equally distinguished in either department. What are we to make of him? Roger Ascham, had he lived long enough to hear of what befell, would have wagged his head shrewdly. To be Italian or Italianate signified as who should say spawn of the devil. Galen the physician and Plato, who reduced the arts to their proper limits and practice, were entirely right for their own times and the future. The madness inspired by the Muses may be divine; but the best lot for musicians is to be ravished with delight, to sing on with never a thought of eating and drinking, and so in their forgetfulness die and become noisy grasshoppers. Or, if these polyphonous and multiform Mountebanks will persist in being themselves, good citizens are to anoint them with myrrh, set garlands on their heads, and thrust them out from the gates. But music and murder? Cause and effect? Well, Plato would have found in Don Carlo Gesualdo one who had no right perception of harmonies and rhythms and modes; who felt and expressed joy and sorrow in a manner wholly at variance with law. But again, can a bad man possibly be a good artist? That question gave endless worry to Ruskin. Nowadays, we are like to admit that an individual need not be all of a piece. A man may be fair or foul by turns; may be noble in his art, and yet have base instincts. He may even turn criminal, should the temptation be strong enough.

* * *

It was in 1590, and in Naples, that it all happened. A manuscript chronicle of the time and the official enquiry allow us to reconstruct the tragedy and its antecedents with fulness and accuracy. Don Carlo, by the death of his elder brother, became heir to the title and estates of the house of Gesualdo. He was thirty, unmarried, and delighted in nothing save music. But his position obliges, and he weds with his first cousin, Donna Maria d'Avalos, already twice a widow at the age of twenty-one. She presents him with an heir and still another baby son, and thereupon, says the chronicle, the enemy of the human race interfered, being "unable to endure the spectacle of such great love and happiness, such uniformity of tastes and desires." There is a certain Fabrizio of the all puissant house of Caraba, third Duke of Andria, known for the handsomest and most accomplished nobleman of the city, courtly and gracious, a very Adonis in feature, and in manner and bearing a Mars. And withal an uncle of the Prince Don Carlo, ceaselessly and vainly importuning one whom he believed to be a chaste Penelope, discovered the secret, and played the tale-bearer. Timely warning is nevertheless given, and my lord Duke counsels prudence and remission. But

CARLO GESUALDO, PRINCE OF VENOSA. By *Cecil Gray* and *Philip Heseltine*. London: Kegan Paul. 1926.

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Donna Maria, reckless, marvels that nature could err in creating a knight with the spirit of a woman, and a woman with the spirit of a valorous knight. Had he not better turn lackey, and withdraw? Idly did the Duke urge that he feared not his own death, but lacked the constancy to endure hers, which surely would follow. Could he be so cruel to her own beauty, thus exposing it to the risk of mouldering away, untimely, in the darkness and silence of the tomb? Nay but, rejoined Donna Maria, or the chronicler supplying speech exactly characteristic of the times, nay, but one moment of his absence was more death-dealing than a thousand deaths which might come through her delights. "If I die with you I shall nevermore be separated from you." He must prove himself faithless or loyal. Either he is base and cowardly, or he obeys her wish and command and he bows humbly in token of submission. "Since you wish to die, I shall die with you; such is your wish, so be it."

So far the chronicle, which is confirmed by the depositions, and romances at most when it tells of the trap laid by Don Carlo. There was no need to give out falsely that he was going a-hunting, and would not return that evening. The chase was other, and quite at hand, in an adjoining apartment of that palace still existing, and known as the San Severs, in the Piazza San Domenico. What ensued? An example of Renaissance "energy;" an orgy of passion and blood-lust, comparable with those that enthralled Shelley and Stendhal, and the Elizabethans before them. Let a reference to the accounts furnished by the maid-servant and the valet, in the present volume, suffice. On the morrow, the bodies of the hapless lovers lay exposed in the hall, and the whole city flocked to the sight. Much ink was shed in the way of lamentation by poets and rhymesters, from Tasso downward. But the fury of the lord Duke Carlo had not been sated with a double crime. Fleeing to Gesualdo for safety, he spies his second child in the cradle. And, bending over it, his jealous eye detects the hated lineaments of the Duke. Up with brat and cradle by silken ropes attached to the four corners of the ceiling. Round and round they span till the babe, breathless, "yielded its innocent soul to God." Which further atrocity did not sleep in the popular ear, and served to heighten vision. Every night the phantom of Donna Maria glided and moaned about the precincts. A generation later, we have a chronicle of divers disasters that had befallen illustrious Neopolitan families. And herein we learn how black misfortune dogged Don Carlo and his line; how it pleased God to destroy, both in possessions and in honor, this princely house descended from the ancient Norman kings. And the palace in Naples, wrecked in the earthquake of 1688, was restored only to gain in sinister repute. In the eighteenth century it harbored a Prince of San Severs who dabbled in science, presumably illicit, since infernal lights were often seen to flash through the windows. Nay, in recent times, a part of the building suddenly collapsed, with loss of life. Behold the working of a fatal curse.

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But to return to Don Carlo. Straightway informing the Spanish Viceroy, and advised to get beyond the reach of angry relatives, he had fortified himself in his castle of Gesualdo, cutting down all forests and thickets that might shelter approach. He became frenzied, or so the rumor ran; and used avarice and tryanny upon his vassals. But, presently, matters smoothed themselves out. He was in exile for little more than the three years which Plato assigned as sufficient punishment for the murder of husband or wife. Once again he is wholly preoccupied with music and its charms, and none the less able to marry Donna Eleonora d'Este. But then, to be of the Court of the Estes, and in Ferrara was a joy and a marvel; a foretaste of paradise ever kept in tune by musicians specially appointed, and the largest musical library in the world. Don Carlo could fleet away the time felicitously. Ferrara was a oy and a marvel; a foretaste of paradise for cultured mortals. Profit and delight here blended themselves in due proportion. Could the heart of ma ndesire sweeter discourse on beauty and virtue, fairer occasion for athletic accomplishment, than here offered? Through fragrant gardens and groves, when not engaged in the livesome disport of masks and feasting. And remember that Don Carlo was no mere dilettante whose published music gained the homage that waits upon wealth and position. Milton, sending home a chest of choice music, duly included the Prince of Venosa. Gesualdo, the musician, is a figure of importance in musical history; of paramount importance, Mr. Philip Heseltine insists. He holds proud place among the men whose music was the crowning glory of the Renaissance. (Or should one not rather say that his were the times when music was arrogating supreme rank among the arts?) At all events, standing a little aloof from the great tradition which gave England her William Byrd and Italy her Palestrina, through Luca Marenzio, the madrigalist, he joins hands with both. He is of the fine flower of the daringly imaginative, experimental composers. Sacrificing none of the older polyphonous methods, he invested them with wealth of chromaticism and the new harmonic resources derived from it. He has audacious passages that seem to foreshadow the methods of today. Small wonder that, of late, French and German and English theorists are busy with him. Here is somewhat of that realism, impressionism, tone-painting, experiment in sound-for-sound's sake, which nowadays we are supposed to desire and require. But the interested reader should consult Mr. Heseltine's enthusiastic chapter for himself.

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Mr. Cecil Gray, dealing with the biography, knows, but fails to emphasize, the distinction between the Renaissance and its period of gradual decay. After 1530, Italy is other than it was. The blighting hand of Spain lies upon it. History henceforth can but record creeping paralysis, social putrefaction. There was, indeed, governmental and moral reform of a sort. The Council of Trent had sat. Outward decorum was observed; hypocrisy reigned. This very crime of Don Carlo bears witness that the times had changed. It lacks the Renaissance virtuosity, the brilliant and economical adaptation of means to an end. The hired *bravi* are clumsy; the gun-shots and sword-thrusts too lavish and ghastly. This work of the shambles is due to the Spanish point of honor. Spanish jealously prompts, not the Renaissance need of a *bella vendetta*, the need to spoil the triumph of others. In Renaissance days, the brother and father of the woman, as well as the husband, would have felt constrained to exact penalties. Now the popular sympathy is with the hapless lovers, with Mars and Venus, while "impious assassin" is the politest style used concerning Don Carlo, the outraged Vulcan. These are the times of Vittoria Accoramboni; of the Duchess of Palliano and many another case. Elizabethan dramatists, like Webster and Tourneur, were astounded and fascinated. Could such things be? Horror haunted them like a nightmare: horror only to be rid away by the creation of stage monsters, of ferocious beasts safely to be seen behind the cage-bars of art. Only Shakespeare, and Massinger in some degree, could maintain the large mind. While John Ford—was he not of the true Renaissance, that Renaissance so blind to moral evil as to show almost innocent? Be all which as it may, together with the modern problem of a-morality. Another aspect offers. De Quincey, in his "Murder as a Fine Art," achieved the hard task of prolonged irony. And Mr. Cecil Gray, in a special chapter, performs a clever fantasia after De Quincey's method; plays a dexterous game of grim wit.

And what of Don Carlo himself? Anatole France has sketched him for us. But it is a composite figure of the imagination, even as the Elizabethan dramatists fused various incidents to shape out their hero or heroine. We learn from a chronicle that he kept a dozen young men in readiness to flagellate him thrice a day, for that a horde of demons gave him no peace. But Campanella the philosopher, citing the case, assigns to flagellation the virtue of curing costiveness. Physical explanations are always to hand when souls are plagued. Did conscience prick Don Carlo? We have the evidence of a painting which hangs in the chapel of that monastery he caused to be built, by way of expiation, in Gesualdo. The Redeemer is throned aloft for judgment, and pardons the contrite Prince who humbly kneels in the corner. His maternal uncle, Saint Carlo Borromeo, with an arm flung about him, protects, presents. The Blessed Virgin, the Archangel Michael, Saint Francis and Saint Domenic, the Magdalene and Saint Catherine of Sienna, all with divers gestures supplicate for him, or exhort him to trust the Divine mercy. Moreover, in the center, is the murdered child, happy with an angel on either side. While below, and now hidden by the altar, are—Donna Maria and the Duke of Andria, burning in eternal flames. One is left with a newer puzzle. So repentant, and so vindictive still?

On Mr. Cecil Gray the portrait of the Prince, in the original or in the reproduction given, makes a disagreeable impression. He discerns the sure signs of perversity and degeneration. That is seeing too clearly, perchance, through the varnish and tarnish of the years. Michelet, altogether ardent to discover character in portraits, should be a warning to us. At any rate, one more method of investigation remains. Mr. Philip Heseltine affords us specimens of the madrigals. And, having heard them by the help of vocal friends, he finds in them the vivid and passionate expression of a strange personality; detects violent contrasts and changes of mood, deeply dramatized emotion, together with much elegance and suavity. Rehearsing them over for oneself with an imaginary choir, one can fairly agree with Mr. Heseltine, and specially note a stressed poignancy. But again one asks whether the musician is not conditioned by his times and his talent rather than by his remorse or his whole character.

The Spiritual Life

RUYSBROECK THE ADMIRABLE. By A. WAUTIER D'AYGALLIERS. Translated by FRED ROTHWELL. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1925. $5.

HERETICS, SAINTS, AND MARTYRS. By FREDERIC PALMER. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1925. $2.50.

THE GREAT PARTNERSHIP. By JOHN ARCHIBALD MACCALLUM. New York: George H. Doran Co. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by RUFUS M. JONES
Haverford College

IT looks at last as though we were on the way toward a real religion of life, a type of religion which could with sincerity be called *spiritual* rather than doctrinal or ecclesiastical. Many preachers have caught the idea and are interpreting it with insight and power, but the hope of its spread and triumph rests more solidly on the written than on the spoken word. Each annual output of books includes a very large number which propagate vitally and impressively this every-day, out-doors type of religion, which is primarily concerned with life and truth. "History," wrote Michelet, "deals with the soul, original thought, fruitful initiative, heroism of action, and creation. It shows that a soul weighs infinitely more than a kingdom, an empire, a state system—sometimes more than the human race itself." Another scholar has said: "The only thing that makes history worth writing is the spectacle of a soul superior to the peril that confronts it." "Tell us of the soul, tell us of the soul," was the cry of the Italian students in the fourteenth century. When will our students insist on hearing something about the vital issues of our own humanity,—something as convincing about the soul as is the theory of atoms about the world of matter?

The first book in my list is a single contribution to the growing stream of constructive mystical literature. If we were to make a list of the four greatest mystics in the history of the Christian Church most of us who are experts in this field would put Ruysbroeck in the tiny list. We should disagree over many names but we should almost certainly agree to include him. He has had great interpreters of his messages but he has seldom received such a scholarly and well-balanced estimate of his position in the long line of spiritual torch bearers as from M. D'Aygaliers, nor has he had from anyone a clearer or fuller study of the influences that shaped his life and thought. This book is a masterly piece of work upon a figure in every way worthy of the love and learning here bestowed.

The introductory chapters present the background and prepare the frame for the portrait. There is one on "Society in the Fourteenth Century" which will not arouse in the reader much desire to go back to that century for his social or economic life. Then comes an excellent study of the Church in that century with its struggles and its politics and its problems,—a chapter which gives some of the reasons why such a powerful wave of mysticism swept over Europe during that hundred years. The third chapter deals with deviation from piety in the period under consideration, and this once more leads up to the renaissance of enthusiasm and mysticism. The fourth chapter introduces the hero of the book,—a real hero though he never fought a battle,

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stormed a city, or broke a maiden's heart. He has always borne the name of the little Flemish market-town of Ruysbroeck, where he was born on the banks of the Senne, near the forest of Soignes, in 1393.

Jan, as the child was called—the Flemish for John—had his roots deep in the sub-soil piety of a genuinely religious family and was spiritually nurtured for a life of devotion. He himself speaks of "the May month of his spiritual life" as the early preparation for a rich, ripe age of spirtual fecundity. The story of his conversion is vividly told and then follows the interesting account of his "spiritual refuge" in the forest of Groenendael—Green Woods—where with a little band of pious friends he devoted himself to *living, thinking, meditating, and writing*. "You can be as holy as you wish to be," he told two students from Paris, and as his supreme wish was to be holy his life attained a rare and wonderful beauty and fragrance.

The second part of the volume deals with the philosophical sources of Ruysbroeck's doctrine and with its interpretation. It is a first-class piece of work. In fact the book is indispensable to anyone who is desirous of understanding the significance of fourteenth century mysticism. One of the most important chapters is one which deals with Neo-platonism—chapter xii. It compares favorably with the best recent studies on the subject. I personally disagree with the writer in his view that Plotinus reveals in his philosophy a strong oriental influence, but that is a minor point. The main lines of the article are admirable and adequate. The book finishes with an important section on Ruysbroeck's originality and influence. We come away from the study of this lonely hermit in his green forest six hundred years ago deeply moved by his radiant personality, his depth of soul, his conviction that he had found God, and his beautiful literary style, and we wish that our age with its speed and skill and successes could produce such lives.

* * *

In his small, compact book on "Heretics, Saints, and Martyrs," Frederic Palmer of Harvard Divinity School has done an excellent piece of research and of interpretation. The book opens with a fresh study of the Anabaptists. The reader will find here an interesting account of one of the great movements of modern history told, in the main, impartially and with clear insight. Angelus Silesius, an important seventeenth century mystic and poet, is presented with unusual skill and ability. I know of nothing dealing with this interesting character which compares with it in value. Joachim of Floris, the prophet of the Eternal Gospel, is another of his figures. So, too, is Isaac Watts, whose hymns everybody sings, though almost nobody knows much about the saint's early life. Then there are two of the noblest saints in the calendar, Perpetua and Felicitas, Montanist martyrs in North Africa. And, finally, a strange heretic, Mani, the founder of Manichæism which played a long rôle in Christian history, has his story told. It is a good book for present reading and for a place on the library shelf.

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"The Great Partnership," by Dr. MacCallum, is a book, not out of the fourteenth century, and not about remote saints and heretics, but out of the living stuff of our present age and about the life and religion of the times in which our problems lie. It is a good, live, vigorous, robust, pactical, and convincing message for today. It is spiritual and ethical rather than primarily mystical, though again and again the author emphasizes the importance of first-hand experience. The book contains many passages of beauty, it has many fine illustrations, it shows a wide range of reading with happy quotations, but still more important is it to note that the *thinking* revealed in all the chapters is sound and deep and honest. It is not a piece of loose-jointed homiletics; it has strong fibre and is well woven into a continuous presentation of its central theme, that we are linked with God in a great co-partnership. God has faith in us; He needs us; we need Him; He is Father, Worker, Friend, Comforter; He is Grace, Peace, Joy; He is Life, Power, Light, Truth, Law, and Purpose. All these aspects are unfolded with freshness and power, and we are carried forward from the beginning to the end with interest and with a sense of reality of what we are reading. I am glad to recommend such a gospel of health and vigor, and I am glad that those who are not fortunate enough to hear it preached every Sunday can nevertheless *read* it every day in the week.

What is Good Writing?

BETTER WRITING. By HENRY S. CANBY. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1926.

Reviewed by GRANT C. KNIGHT
University of Kentucky

I BELIEVE that I speak for a phalanx of teachers of advanced composition in colleges when I say that most texts constructed for use in our courses leave us unmoved. We have become so familiar with the table of contents which advertises such matters as Unity, Emphasis, Coherence, Sentence and Paragraph Structure, Diction and Style, Choice of Subject, and all the other items of the stereotyped inventory that in despair at conducting students to a *doloroso passo* as sorrowful to us as to them we have often given up altogether instruction from books and have relied upon informal classroom discussions. A book which performs this function for us, however, and performs it wisely, pointedly, and inspiringly, is now before me; it is Henry S. Canby's "Better Writing."

"Better Writing" is preëminently a friendly text. Friendly inasmuch as it is willing to take pains to interest us, friendly in its occasional sharpness of reproof, in its point-blank declaration of our unfitness if we are unfit, in its readiness to encourage. It is, indeed, an excellent model of what Dr. Canby calls good manners in writing. From the moment when we note that instead of handling the small stones of fossilized instruction it is going to tap skilfully such unusual specimens as Crooked Guide-posts, Beauty Rash, Faulty Brakes, and Rickets, to the final summarizing chapter we remain good-humoredly attentive. It does not flaunt novelty for novelty's sake, but it does recognize the pedagogic value of emptying new wine into old bottles. And—to suit our new figure—Dr. Canby's wine has a taking sparkle; his words are selected carefully, often inevitably, but with no taste of pedantry. Every page gives pleasure by its alert phrasing, its thrust of antiseptic epigram, its scrupulous avoidance of the *cliché*, its competent organization, and this, as all teachers and students know, is a rare experience to derive from a textbook. It is as though the author were conscious that in selecting a title so ambitious as "Better Writing" he was assuming the responsibility of illustrating his theories and practicing his advice, a responsibility which he carries easily.

BUNNY GANDLE

Winning drawing by Alexander King which was awarded the prize offered by its publishers for the best pictorial interpretation of the hero of "Gandle Follows His Nose," by Heywood Broun (Boni & Liveright)

"Better Writing" is, nevertheless, not too comfortable in its dilation upon the penman's craft. Its variety has a spice to burn sensitive tongues. There are warnings against sentimentality that will leave not a few of even the most modern collegians something to think about; there are diagnoses of "disabilities and diseases" which will set every aspiring writer to studying his symptoms; and there is above all an insistence upon the combination of mental strength and mental quickness which may cause all of us to pause in self-examination. This last point, it seems to me as I look back upon the work of my students, is especially to be pondered by the ambitious in fiction or verse. "The clearest mind, the best interpreted experience, the most sensitive perception," says Dr. Canby in explaining the control which comes from mental hardness, "will never make a good writer if either the intellect or the emotions betray him when he begins to write." Perhaps there is nothing that the present-day novice in writing needs more badly to learn.

Chapter X, entitled Who Should and Who Should Not Write: Simple Tests in the Choice of a Vocation, is directed toward the student outside as well as the student inside college and is so decisive that I wish the author had been bold enough to make it Chapter I. These are the tests he proposes to would-be men of letters: Have you the desire, not merely the vague wish, to write? Will your determination carry you through the subsequent drudgery? Are you fond of words for their own sakes? Can you invent? Were you born with an ear for rhythms? Ultimately, have you succeeded or failed in your attempts? Although we may quarrel with this order of climax it would be difficult successfully to impeach the validity of the implied standards and judgments and a better series of tests would be far to seek.

Pedagogically, "Better Writing" is sound. It maintains what too few authors and teachers have said, that composition is not the tracing of symbols upon paper but an energetic process that goes on in the mind; it repeats strongly that correct thinking is the base of all good writing. It passes lightly over such so-called mechanics as spelling, punctuation, and paragraphing—things which, of course, should be taught in secondary schools but which must also be reviewed by most freshmen in colleges—and concentrates upon the importance of equipment other than technical: experience, imaginative interpretation, vital expression. Lastly, if I may be so revolutionary as to use an old-fashioned term in closing, it exemplifies in thought, style, and tone the precepts it has laid down, and these virtues, to which must be added the lively spirit which pervades the pages, make it the best current text on composition for college sophomores and juniors.

Loeb Classics

LOEB CLASSICAL LIBRARY: DIOGENES LAERTIUS, LIVES OF EMINENT PHILOSOPHERS, 2 vols., R. D. HICKS; PLATO, vol. v., W. R. M. LAMB; vol. vi., H. N. FOWLER; DIO'S ROMAN HISTORY, vol. viii., E. CARY; SENECA, EPISTULAE MORALES, vol. iii., R. M. GUMMERE; AESCHYLUS, vol. ii., H. WEIR SMYTH; TACITUS, HISTORIES, I-III, CLIFFORD H. MOORE.

Reviewed by J. M. CORNFORD
Cambridge University

WHEN Solon was told that it was of no use to weep for the son he had lost, he replied: "That is just why I am weeping—because it is of no use."

The "Lives of Eminent Philosophers" contains a fair number of repartees as poignant as this, and a much larger number which, though less poignant, have the lucid finality of French *esprit*. Indeed French is the only language into which they could be worthily rendered. It is significant that the Greek word for a wise man (*sophos*) meant a man of *esprit*, as well as a man of skill in art or craftsmanship. The innumerable anecdotes in these biographies consist chiefly of epigrammatic sayings. Unfortunately they are not, in general, characteristic of their supposed authors; in fact, many are ascribed to more than one philosopher. When Anaxagorus was told that he was condemned for impiety and that his sons were dead, "his comment on the sentence was, 'Long ago nature condemned both my judges and myself to death;' and on his sons, 'I knew that my children were born to die.' Some, however, tell this story of Solon, and others of Xenophon."

The compiler of the "Lives" makes no attempt to fasten the anecdote upon one of the claimants rather than another. His chief merit is that he was uncritical by modern standards. He copied out what he found in older handbooks of the same sort, without disguising the fact, as we do when we write articles for encyclopædias. Hence, happily for us, we can often trace the source he drew upon at fourth or fifth hand. The reader who is in search of historical facts may put his trust in the judicious

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survey of sources which introduces Mr. Hicks's careful and learned translation. Others will value the anecdotes for their own sake, as illustrating the quality of the Greek mind. It will not matter to them that we know nothing of Diogenes: his very name is uncertain—a curious fate for the author of a famous book.

But the philosophers were not only coiners of epigrams. Diogenes distinguishes between the wise man, or sage, who should have "achieved mental perfection," and the "lover of wisdom," the philosopher, who is conscious of not having achieved it. The Greeks had seven canonical sages, though as to who they were, opinions differed. They were men of acute and inquiring intellect, whose wisdom lay in a practical knowledge of life and was formulated in proverbial advice: "Nothing too much," and so forth—platitudes which seem trivial or profound, according to the amount of experience you bring to the interpretation. This conception of the sage is remote from the oriental. The first wise man whom an Indian would recognize as a sage was Pythagoras, and it was precisely he who was the first to call himself a mere "lover of wisdom," "for," said he, "no man is wise, but God alone." Thenceforward it became difficult to claim wisdom, and the word "sophist," professor of wisdom, ended as a term of abuse.

Most of the other volumes in this batch are continuations; they maintain the standard reached by their predecessors. Professor Clifford Moore's "Tacitus" deserves more than the "kindly charity" he asks for "one who has dared to face the tempting but impossible task" of rendering the "Histories" into a language which resists extreme compression.

Mr. Lewis on Everything

THE ART OF BEING RULED. By WYNDHAM LEWIS. London: Chatto & Windus. 1926.

Reviewed by RICHARD ALDINGTON

ADMIRERS of Mr. Wyndham Lewis whose "Tarr" is about to be published in America, may feel some misgiving when they contemplate his recent plunge into philosophico-politico-sociological theory, invective, and phophecy; and this misgiving is rather increased than diminished by reading the 434 closely-printed pages of "The Art of Being Ruled." There is nothing remarkable in the artist turned *philosophe*, for this phenomenon has occurred before in Europe, but the amazing farrago now produced by Mr. Lewis—who is a great artist—is indeed remarkable. It is almost as compendious as "Ulysses"— a mighty maze of walks without a plan—and almost as trying to the reader. But this profuse, witty, and inelegant author seems to be in some danger of becoming a distinguished publicist. The ninety-four chapters which make up this "essay" might have been contributed as articles in a more dluted form to some sublimated *John Bull* or *Sunday Pictorial*. (For all I know, they have been.) In his denunciations of contemporary civilization Mr. Lewis has donned that prophet's cloak worn of old by a long series of puritan divines and, more recently, by the inspired eunuchs; Ruskin and Carlyle. But, as everyone knows, the English public dearly loves to be preached at and kicked, to be convicted of all sorts of wickedness. This Mr. Lewis performs with great energy and ruthlessness. His mind is a prodigious rabbit-warren of ideas; whichever way we look we see the bobbing tails of innumerable ideological rabbits disappearing into a net-work of underground burrows. This truly admirable fertility of ideas, these assertions of inevitable revolution, this denunciation of democracy, these dark hints of some awful and impassable chasm separating Mr. Lewis and other born rulers from the common herd of us, all these impressive quotations, this intellectual beating about the bush, this frenzied stampeding hither and yon to no particular end, this passion for actualities, this orgy of ferocious theorizing, this vaticination, this sustained crepitation of witty phrases—all these can hardly fail to intimidate a cowering and contemptible public and to produce a sensational success.

"The Art of Being Ruled" is one of those magnificent amateur constructions of thought for which the English are so justly famous. It seems to possess many of the materials of a great book, but materials arranged and displayed in a curious and baffling way, as if the author had something mysterious to conceal. Some lucid-minded Frenchman, one feels, is needed to sort out and to rearrange all this heterogeneous and discursive matter and to tell the author what his views really are. The book is a whole "To-Day and To-Morrow" series crushed into one volume. It is hard to extract a sustained line of argument from this profusion, harder still to arrange coherently, without immense labor of note-taking, all Mr. Lewis's hints and dabs at the coming Utopia. All one firmly possesses here is the certainty, that Mr. Lewis, like others before him, is more successful in his "Inferno" than in his "Paradiso," in denouncing things as they are than in reconstructing them as he thinks they ought to be. He scores heavily off enfeebled democracy, like a prizefighter with a novice; and this display earns rounds of applause. But the changes, the improvements, the new severe organizations advocated or hinted at by Mr. Lewis are received in silence. They are as repulsive, and probably as unlikely to be adopted, as all the other Utopias from Plato's to William Morris's. I see no real advantage to be derived from these violent changes; nor will a mere disciple of the sages of "Ecclesiastes" and Ferney be expected to welcome them with enthusiasm. Undoubtedly, under modern democracy, the intellectual standards of the Western nations are grievously, perhaps irreparably menaced. The grave voices of Renan and Arnold sound in our ears the warning which events have but too well justified:

> The countries which, like the United States, have created a considerable popular instruction without any serious higher instruction, will long have to expiate this fault by their intellectual mediocrity, their vulgarity of manners, their superficial spirit, their lack of general intelligence.

The disease was there diagnosed by a master physician, and the subsequent diagnosis of—I will not say, quacks but—amateurs, like Mr. Mencken and Mr. Lewis add nothing to our perception of the disaster. The nations of Europe, under the pressure of circumstances, are plunging with vertiginous swiftness into an abyss of barbarity; and the enormous structure of Western democracy may collapse with a crash more dreadful than the heart-shaking dissolution of the Roman Empire. I say "may" because I still hope; but the harsh and merely negative contempt of Mr. Mencken, the *régime* of castration and black or red shirts proposed by Mr. Lewis, seem to me equally futile and abortive. Even now, though all is imperfect, all is at least tolerable; and one may still take the advice of Candide and cultivate one's garden. But for how long? Meanwhile, in a free and democratic country Mr. Lewis can still shatter the world to bits and then remould it nearer to his heart's desire—on paper. In practice, I believe there would be some effective opposition.

A New "Don Juan"

DON JUAN: A Play in Three Acts. By JAMES ELROY FLECKER. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1925. $3.

Reviewed by EDWARD DAVISON

CONCERNING this play, "Don Juan," Bernard Shaw, who never flattered any man, wrote to the author in 1911—

> There is no doubt in my mind that you have high qualifications for dramatic work—some of the highest in fact. I see nothing to complain of but a few careless verses. . . . The last act contains one of the best scenes I have ever read—that with Tisbea. It is a stroke of genius.

In spite of some minor strictures in the same letter this is enviable praise. But it is not too high for the author of "Hassen" who has yet to come into his own both as a poet and a dramatist. Flecker worked at "Don Juan" intermittently between 1911, when the first draft was completed, until 1914. Death came before he could revise the play to his own satisfaction. In all recent literary history there has been no more untimely end to the career of any man, not even of Rupert Brooke. Those who knew both men and believed in their work mourned the loss of Flecker no less than they did that of his younger compatriot, who, even in 1914, had not quite found foothold for his literary genius. Flecker, at least, left behind him a fairly solid body of work. His achievement in poetry cannot now be denied although it has yet to be fully recognized. And as for his shortcomings as a playwright (one who did not turn his back upon the Elizabethan legacy of poetry), they may be set down to the fact that he died before he had reasonable time to set his artistic house in order. Nevertheless, even in the realm of drama, Flecker's achievement, as this new play confirms, was very considerable, and Shaw does not exaggerate unduly in the letter already quoted.

Flecker's Juan is something more than the villain and seducer of the old tradition although his new character admits most of the familiar attributes. He is also a philosopher and a poet, gay, cynical, disillusioned. He appears very effectively in the play as a reincarnation of his historic self. Flecker takes a leaf from Byron's book and sets his hero against a contemporary background. This heightens rather than lowers the universal significance of his character. When Owen Jones, his Welsh valet, asks "Who are you?" it is to be answered in one of the most portentous phrases in modern literature: "A spirit troubled about departure." From this the scene progresses until Juan speaks the rhymed passage already familiarized as a separate poem in Flecker's collected verse:

> I am Don Juan, cursed from age to age,
> By priestly tract and sentimental stage,
> Branded a villain and believed a fool,
> Battered by hatred, seared by ridicule.

* * *

He represents himself as "the true, the grand idealist" whose purpose is to take everything that life can offer. He is not only the prince of lovers but also a man who refuses to turn his back upon any human experience. His sole unselfish action in the play is the cause of his catastrophe. Ironically enough, this action is to murder the father of his affianced wife, a British statesman, because he is about to create a European war. The murder is discovered and other murders are necessary to prevent the penalty. Flecker fills his stage with corpses with true Elizabethan gusto. But he escapes a too violent realism by a cunning introduction of the traditional statute episode. Similar transitions elsewhere in the play are equally effective as a means of avoiding more than one decline into mere absurdity. The scene to which Shaw refers in his letter concerns the remeeting of Juan and Tisbea, a young fisher-girl seduced by Juan after his shipwreck in the first act and afterwards abandoned. A single fragment of their dialogue will be sufficient to describe the nature of the scene which, in its entirety, is of exceptional power, much the best thing in the play.

Don Juan. You know me?

Tisbea. (*Dirty, ragged, unkempt, and worn*). You are Don Juan, my lord.

Don Juan. Could you forgive me for leaving you?

Tisbea. O sir, how was I to expect a fine gentleman like you would take up with the likes of me for long?

Don Juan. Are you the girl who left me with a bitter curse?

Tisbea. O sir, I am sorry it should ever have happened. I must have been mad, sir, indeed I must.

Don Juan. Girl, girl, what has happened to you? Why do you talk like a housemaid? Why do you not throttle me and spit in my face or else forgive me like the great woman you are, and love me all over again?

Tisbea (*tearfully*). O sir, I don't understand you, don't talk unkindly to me.

The change from Tisbea's character in the earlier scene where she could ask Juan "Did I sell myself for supper and a sovereign? How dare you stand there simpering goodbye to me, to me whom your passion has made Queen of all the World," is heart-rending and completely unexpected, therefore all the more powerful. This like the passage in which Lord Framlingham rises out of prose into the splendid lyric beginning "Day breaks on England down the Kentish hills" is the kind of thing which, in Flecker's two plays, cry out to the discriminating reader to applaud what the greaest living dramatist has said of the poet. Quite certainly Flecker had some of the highest qualifications for dramatic work. "Great men have been among us. . . ."

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Assyrian Annals

THE CAMBRIDGE ANCIENT HISTORY. Vol. III. The Assyrian Empire. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1925. $9.

Reviewed by M. ROSTOVTZEFF
Author of "The Social and Economic History of the Roman Empire"

IT is idle to speculate for whom the "Cambridge Ancient History" is written and who are the readers of this voluminous summary of modern achievements in the field of Ancient History. The "Cambridge Ancient History," like the "Cambridge Mediæval History" and the "Cambridge History of India," is a success and has found its readers. My own experience shows that it is rather useless to assign this book as reading to beginners, students in classes of ancient history. The work is too heavy for them. Many things which they do not know are supposed to be known. There are too many inconsistencies in the various chapters of the same volume. The bibliography is too detailed. The sources are mentioned but not analyzed, etc. The same remark holds good for the so-called "general reader." The book is, as it stands, a great help to scholars, to teachers, to advanced students in ancient history, not to beginners. It is an excellent summary of the achievements of the last decades in the field of ancient history and of the problems which arise from our increased material. The inconsistencies so misleading for the beginners are instinctive and stimulating for those who ought to realize how little we know of many cardinal problems and how much we depend on guesses and hypotheses.

The central event in the new volume of the "Cambridge Ancient History" is the formation and the consolidation of the Assyrian Empire,—the period of about two hundred years when the ancient world after the political chaos of the end of the second and the beginning of the first millenium B.C. entered into the era of officially organized world monarchies, first the Assyrian and later the Persian, which last is reserved for the fourth volume. These two centuries were a time of greatest importance for the history of civilized mankind. The Oriental world was about to say its last and most important word in the history of civilization. In politics it was the creation of the world empire, in civilization—the formation of a world civilization, anational or multinational, like the state in religion—the first attempt at proclaiming a truth which was intended not for one group as one nation but for the universe. It appeared as if these new achievements were going to put a definite stamp on the future.

* * *

And yet just at this very time new and momentous evolution was starting in the West. To the heavy, massive communistic civilization and life of the East, to the ideas of a world state, a world civilization, a world religion, the new Greek communities of the Ægean in an unprecedented outburst of creative energy opposed a new mentality and a new life based on differentiation versus integration, on individualism versus communism, on reason versus religion. For the first time in the history of mankind these two forces worked simultaneously and a clash between them became imminent, a clash which began with the Persian wars, led to a temporary victory of Greece and the Orient in the hellenistic times and finally to a more lasting though also temporary victory of the Orient in the Roman Empire. It is natural therefore that the new volume of "Cambridge Ancient History" consists of two parts: the first half is occupied by the history of the Orient, the second by that of Greece in the archaic period of her history. In the first part the chapters on the Assyrian and Babylonian Empires are written by Sidney Smith and R. Campbell Thompson respectively, the chapters on Egypt by H. R. Hall, the chapters on the post-Hittite States of Asia Minor—Sendjieli (Somal) Carchemish, Phrygia, and Lydia—by D. Hogarth, those on the history of Palestine by S. A. Cook.

While in all these excellent chapters the attention is paid by the authors to the growth and consolidation of the world-state and of the world religion, and both the forces of integration and disintegration which were working simultaneously are analyzed, very little attention is paid to the equally important growth of a world civilization, based as it was on the Babylonian and Egyptian achievements though with many new elements contributed by Asia Minor, by the Aramæans and the Phœnicians, and by the peoples of Central Asia. For such a chapter the short surveys of R. Campbell Thompson on the Influence of Babylonia and of H. R. Hall on the Oriental Art in the Saite Period are but substitutes. The best hints in this direction are to be found not so much in the chapters on Assyria as in those of Hogarth on the post-Hittites, the Phrygians, and the Lydians. The chapters of S. Smith on Assyria are short, sober, and up to date. Like Olmsted the author of these chapters protests against the emphasis generally laid on the ruthless cruelty of the Assyrians. In his mind—and I agree with him—ideas on this subject are strongly influenced by the ruthless exceptional frankness of the Assyrians and the well-known utterances of the Jewish prophets. Much more important and much less emphasized in the current treatments of Assyrian history is the positive side of the Assyrian activity—their conscious efforts at building up and at organizing the first world state in history, and to this side the excellent chapters of Sidney Smith are mainly devoted.

* * *

As much space as to the Assyrians is given to the Jews. The attitude of S. A. Cook towards the Bible is historical and critical. He shows how little we know of the political history of the Jews and how unreliable our late tradition is. I cannot help thinking however, that a shorter and clearer treatment of these problems would be more adequate. It would give the author more space for the most important chapter—that on the prophets—and on the growth of one of the greatest world religions—which in my mind, though brilliant, is too short and too apadictic, and as it stands not convincing. The minor chapters of the Oriental section are all up to date, well written, and full of new information. For the first time in a general history of the ancient world special articles are devoted to the Hittites in Syria and to their civilization (based on recent excavations, by D. G. Hogarth), to the northern Nomads in general, and to the Scythians in particular, by E. H. and to the most dangerous rivals of Assyria, the Martians, ancestors of the modern Armenians (by A. H. Sayce, the decipherer of the Martian inscriptions). It is a pity that no special chapter is devoted to the Phœnicians and that the article of D. G. Hogarth on Phrygia and Lydia though excellent and up to date is too short.

* * *

As excellent as the Oriental section is the section on early Greece. Young and old scholars have contributed to this section. And one wonders whose contributions are the best. It is a great advance, in comparison with the common usage, to see the treatment of Archaic Greek history subdivided into chapters geographically. Greek development is so individual from the very start! Peloponnese, Central Greece, Thessaly, Appica are so different in their evolution. I wonder, however, why no special chapter has been devoted to the Greek Minor islands and why the treatment of Crete is so short and summary. I regret also that the best authority on Ionia, D. G. Hogarth, has condensed his remarks on the Ionian cities of Asia Minor and the islands to very few pages indeed. Full of new ideas is the longest chapter in this section—that of J. Ayres on Greek colonization.

To sum up. After having read the three volumes of "Cambridge Ancient History" one is struck by two facts: first, how different are our ideas of the ancient world if compared, say with those e. g. of our contemporary Maspero, and how much more we know about it, and second how little it is that we do know in comparison with what we ought to know to have an adequate idea of the evolution of the ancient world. New problems arise one after another and in the facts which we know there is no solution for them. We need, bitterly need, more facts and more material. And there is only one source for increasing our knowledge: Spade work. The ancient history of Mommsen stood under the sign of epigraphy, our ancient history stands under the sign of Archæology.

By a regrettable error, the editor of the series, "The History of Civilization," reviewed by Ellsworth Huntington in the last issue, was referred to as A. K. Ogden instead of properly as C. K. Ogden.

Franco-Prussian Politics

DIE RHEINPOLITIK KAISER NAPOLEONS III VON 1863-1870, UND DER URSPRUNG DES KREIGES VON 1870-1871. By HERMANN ONCKEN. Leipzig: Deutche Verlags-Anstalt. 3 vols. 1926.

Reviewed by WILLIAM L. LANGER
University of Chicago

NAPOLEON III always had the reputation of being a sort of enigma, and the men of his time were fond of portraying him as a new Mephistopheles, a spirit of evil, pondering dark thoughts and evolving Machiavellian schemes. The tendency of modern scholarship has been to discount this contemporary interpretation and to depict a man of retiring rather than of aggressive temperament, a man driven by fate rather than directing it. It must be confessed that Professor Oncken's volumes go a long way towards justifying the earlier conception and towards resurrecting Napoleon's reputation as an arch-intriguer.

German historians of the present day are apt to regard themselves as servants of the nation as well as servants of the truth, and the author of this work has collected almost one thousand documents, the avowed purpose of which is to show that in the period preceding the Franco-German War the prime motive dominating French foreign policy was the desire to acquire the Rhine frontier or at least to set up a neutral buffer state on the left bank of the river. The object, in short, is to prove that even if Bismarck cannot be exonerated entirely from the charge of having contributed to precipitating the crisis, his action was more than justified by the policy of his opponent.

* * *

In a sense, then, these volumes are a form of propaganda, though it is propaganda of a very high order. The documents have been culled from the secret archives of Vienna and Berlin, of Munich, of Stuttgart, and of Karlsruhe. Their value lies particularly in the fact that Napoleon systematically pursued a policy of his own, often unknown to his ministers and frequently diametrically opposed to the official policy, the records of which are being published in the monumental "Origines de la Guerre de 1870-1871." Professor Oncken is quite right in saying that the Emperor's talks with the Austrian ambassador and with the diplomatic representatives of the Middle German States throw more light on the real objects of French policy than do the notes and despatches which passed through the foreign offices. It should be mentioned that the editing of these documents is perfect, and that no pains have been spared to make the material as useful as possible. Professor Oncken's introduction is a little masterpiece of its kind, and his footnotes, usually very illuminating, serve as a running commentary and enable the reader to estimate the value of each document by placing it in its proper setting. A great deal of the material is new, though its value lies chiefly in the fact that it confirms deductions that may be drawn from the more important papers, most of which have been previously published.

* * *

It cannot be denied that the author has made out a strong case against the last Emperor of the French. After perusing these documents one can hardly entertain a doubt that the ultimate object of Napoleon was to overturn the settlement of 1814 and to satisfy the demand for the natural frontier. The traditional policy laid down by Richelieu and Louis XIV had become a national policy. Polignac and the Ultras of 1829 had attempted to realize it through an alliance with Russia and a reorganization of the map of Europe. The Liberals of 1848 had entertained similar hopes, but had not had the time to put their ideas into practice. Napoleon probably appreciated the fact that unless he made some progress in the same direction he would soon go the way of Louis Philippe. In any case Napoleon resumed the traditional policy just as soon as he had broken up the Holy Alliance and humiliated Austria, thus removing the principal obstacles to his freedom of action.

The very first document in the collection is also one of the most interesting. It is a report of the Austrian ambassador in Paris, Prince Richard Metternich, a close friend of the imperial house. Metternich pictures the fair Eugénie, and later Napoleon

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himself, poring over the atlas and discussing a possible territorial revolution to be effected through the Polish troubles of February, 1863. The upshot of it all was that Poland should be resurrected under a king of the Saxon house; Russia was to be compensated in Asiatic Turkey; Austria was to receive "a long line of new frontiers across Serbia along the Adriatic," together with Silesia and whatever she desired south of the Main river; Prussia was to get Saxony and Hanover, and the duchies north of the Main, but was to abandon the left bank of the Rhine to France, the latter to make no sacrifices at all. Indeed, Napoleon meant to respect the independence of Belgium only because he anticipated English opposition to any other course. He was willing to have the English take Antwerp provided they would consent to the French acquisition of Brussels, Ostend, etc. Italian unity was to be undone by the resurrection of the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies, and Greece was to be given Thessaly, Albania, and Constantinople. Turkey was to be entirely abolished for the general good and for reasons of Christian morality. Last, but not least, "the dispossessed princes of Europe should go to civilize and monarchize the beautiful American republics, which should all follow the example of Mexico."

* * *

Metternich spoke of this plan as a "phantasmagorie Napoléonienne" but he never questioned the seriousness of the Emperor and his consort. Indeed the other documents in the collection make it quite clear that the plan was anything but a mere dream. It is only when the pertinent papers are placed together as in this work that one comes to understand the devious methods of Napoleon, now supporting the Prussians, now the Austrians, always with the idea of effecting a reorganization of Germany and the cession of some territory to France. In 1866 he outdid himself and encouraged both sides to fight, maintaining secret negotiations with both contestants. Napoleon believed that he had so arranged matters that no matter who won France would be the gainer. It was his misfortune that he played opposite a man of Bismarck's calibre. The French demands for compensation were all refused, and the Emperor was therefore compelled to adopt less obvious tactics. In the period from 1867 to 1870 he concentrated his efforts on the consummation of a Triple Alliance with Austria and Italy, which it was hoped would be joined by the Middle States and Denmark. It was a personal policy, and the Liberal ministers of 1870 knew nothing of it until just before the outbreak of the war. It was also distinctly an aggressive policy, and one for which it would be hard to find excuses. Looked at from this standpoint one could hardly blame Bismarck for desiring to strike before his adversary was ready.

* * *

The curious thing is that, judging from these papers, Bismarck does not deserve all the credit he took for having precipitated the crisis. Historians have long suspected the fact. After an examination of these documents there can be no doubt, for the Austrian ambassador has left us some striking scenes of what took place back of the stage in Paris. On July 6 he reported the Empress looking ten years younger since there was a prospect of war. Later we see Napoleon debating whether or not the issue should not be complicated in order to make war certain. Ollivier himself was carried away. After the eventful session of July 6 he declared to Metternich:

> No more hesitation, no more tergiversation; the Council was unanimous. We have decided as one man that we must march, we have carried the Chamber with us and we shall carry the nation with us. In fifteen days we shall have 400,000 men in the Saar, and this time we shall make war as in '93.

* * *

No doubt about the French will to war in July, 1870, and no doubt as to the aims of the French, who, shortly after the beginning of the conflict, hinted to the Russians that they might acquire Danzig if they would leave France a free hand in disposing of the rest of Germany. To be sure, this whole collection presents only one aspect of international politics in the years from 1863 to 1870. That is all it claims to do. But in any case it is an aspect that cannot be ignored in assessing the blame for that epoch-making conflict.

The Value of Scholarship

JOHN DONNE—A STUDY IN DISCORD. By HUGH I'ANSON FAUSSET. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1925. $3.50.

Reviewed by JOHN M. BERDAN
Yale University

CONSIDERED abstractly, scholarship is not a subject that appeals to the popular mind. The tired business man is never too tired nor too busy to sneer at the poor scholar. A pathetic figure, the poor scholar, piddling away at futile study, caring for none of the things that the normal man desires, caring greatly for incomprehensible details, wasting his time over silly questions of date and text,—a pathetic figure the poor scholar! But I am not concerned here to prove the revolutionary thesis that many of the teachers in our leading colleges are quite normal persons; I wish merely to state that the results of scholarship are valuable and must be taken into account.

These bitter reflections find their origin in Mr. Fausset's life of John Donne. He has written an arresting biography. Through the varying phases of Pagan, Penitent, Pensioner, and Preacher, the personality of Donne rises before the mind of the reader with an almost Carlylean intensity. It is a study in the development of a great soul. Thus the book is another example of the modern tendency to seek for the personality of the author as expressed in his works. We are all familiar with the Shakespeare-the-man publication and "Arial" of M. Maurois is a recent illustration of the type. But it is a complete inversion of the former method; then you studied the life to interpret the poems whereas now you study the poems to interpret the life.

It seems fair, however, to state that this inversion is distinctly modern, and far from the ideas of the seventeenth century. To the seventeenth century mind the question of the personality of the authors of literary production was irrevelant. If you have the poem, or the play, why care about the writer? Consequently the reason why we know so little concerning the biographies of the literary men is because to the literary men such information seemed of the nature of gossip. If the author were a great noble, like Sidney, or murdered, like Marlowe, it is possible to find records, but, with the sole exception of Jonson's conversations with Drummond, little personal information has come down to us.

* * *

This inexcusable carelessness of the part of the authors of the seventeenth century causes the perplexity of modern scholarship. Let me illustrate by the case of Donne. His endeavor to suppress the poems was so successful that the first edition, that of 1633, is posthumous. But this does not mean that previously these same poems had no circulation, since it was the fashion for the admiring reader to copy verses in manuscripts. Of such manuscripts we have twenty-nine, containing some part of Donne's work. None of them, it must be remarked, is authentic in the sense of being autographic. Then follow the printed editions of 1635, 1639, 1649, 1650, and 1669. This gives a large body of work, none of which was printed within his lifetime except the three poems, the "Anatomy of the World," the "Elegy on Prince Henry," and the lines prefixed to "Coryats Crudities." But unhappily it does not follow that all the poems printed under Donne's name in the early editions are his work, because again the compilers did not much care about the question of authorship. They printed a number of poems by Donne; if some were not by Donne, the buyer had no right to complain, since they were getting still more for their money. Consequently before one can be sure that any poem is a poem by Donne, the whole body of manuscripts and early editions would have to be examined. Fortunately for the modern reader all this has been done with painful accuracy by Professor Grierson of the University of Edinburgh. His edition of the "Poems of John Donne," 1912, has made it possible for us to know what Donne actually wrote.

The fundamental objection to the book of Mr. Fausset appears at once in his preface. "Any writer on Donne must be under a deep obligation to Mr. Edmund Gosse's 'The Life and Letters of John Donne,' Mr. E. K. Chamber's edition of the 'Poems' and Isaac Walton's exquisite but too devout miniature. After that sentence the reader can close the book; the rest follows. Chamber's edition appeared in the Muses Library twenty-nine years ago, and a great deal of water has flowed under the bridge since then. Sir Edmund Gosse's work is dated 1899, and even then Sir Edmund was not accused of pedantic accuracy ("C'est là sa moindre défaut") and an inability to transcend mere fact. He is a brilliant writer, and he amused himself in arranging all this undated material into a purely imaginary sequence, and trying to make it tell a story. But the trouble with such work as this is that it breeds its kind. Along comes Mr. Fausset who takes this "monumental" work seriously, and on it erects a perfervid and rhetorical "life" which people who do not (and can not) know better will accept as a literal transcription of fact and a contribution to literary biography.

It is easy enough to justify the criticism here given. It is obvious that if we are to wrest the personality of the author from a given poem, it is quite important that the poem should be one that the author wrote. If, for example, I wish to prove Keats an opium addict it does not settle the case by my citing a poem of Coleridge. But this is what Mr. Fausset does. To prove the "morose originality" of Donne he quotes from a poem by Sir John Roe! And it is of this particular poem that G. Rierson remarks: it "is strikingly different in tone, and in the aspects of that life which are presented, from anything in Donne's 'Satyres.'" Yet here at any rate the question is of literary influence; the novelty of Mr. Fausset's interpretation is his insistence upon the pagan side of the great dean. This is inferred largely from Elegy XVII ("The heavens rejoyce in motion"). This appears first in 1650, and, if genuine, is curiously late. While it is possible that it may be by Donne, the evidence for it is not sufficiently strong for Mr. Fausset to use it as a major piece in his indictment. The reason why he is willing to accept such evidence, why his common sense did not lead him to distrust such evidence, is that he started reading the poems with a preconceived idea. Donne was a great religious preacher and "We do not need a Freud to convince us that the religious and the erotic impulses are closely related." Therefore the erotic poems must be genuine.

But this is the fundamental difficulty with this type of book and others like it. The writer starts with a thesis. Here it is:

> Such a man was John Donne, a genius physically and intellectually "possessed," one who ranged almost every scale of experience, and upon each struck some note, harsh, cunning, arrogant, or poignant, which lingers down the roof of time; a poet who was at times near a monster, full-blooded, cynical, and gross, a thinker, curious, ingenious, and mathematical, a seer brooding morbidly over the dark flux of things, a saint aspiring to the celestial harmony.

Beginning with this conception, he naturally and perhaps unconsciously sought for lines in the poems that justified this conclusion. And the Scripture teaches us that he who seeks shall find. Poems whose authorship is uncertain, about the circumstances of whose composition we are completely ignorant, are given to illustrate psychological states. Even lines are wrenched from their contexts to explain the disregard of Walton's "exquisite but too devout miniature." He does not feel it even necessary to mention the poem from which the lines are taken. He does not feel it necessary to verify the text. He does not feel it necessary to study the results of modern scholarship. The result is that he has written a fascinating book—of fiction. But why call it a life of John Donne?

Nothing to Read

(*Continued from page* 1)

time, and one which reminds us that we are approaching our Alexandrine period where so much is known that we must be content with summaries if we are to know at all. There is Nock's excellent sketch of that much misunderstood man, Thomas Jefferson, with the economic explanation of his great part in American history. There is a vigorous "rough-neck" autobiography, the "Brawnyman" of James Stevens, Bolitho's radical analysis of Italy under Mussolini, and the pleasant sentiment of Floyd Dell's "Love in Greenwich Village."

The impatient people who write letters saying there is nothing to read nowadays should reread the famous poem "Nothing to Wear." If they can read only literary masterpieces, let them go back to their own library, or begin to collect one. We read old books for their excellence, but new ones to share in the mental life of our own time.

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In the Line of Herrick

THE SELECTED POEMS OF LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE. New York: Geo. H. Doran Co. 1926. $2 net.

Reviewed by PADRAIC COLUM

FRANK HARRIS, as he has recorded, judged H. L. Mencken to be a whimsical critic of poetry because of his praise of Lizette Woodworth Reese's poems. "She has written more sound poetry, more genuinely eloquent and beautiful poetry, than all the new poets put together." Mencken certainly underrated the work of the new poets. Frank Harris, on the other hand, was wildly wrong when he drew from that statement the conclusion, "Mencken simply doesn't care for poetry at all." It happens that he was right when he said that Lizette Woodworth Reese wrote beautiful poetry, and because of this righteous judgment a multitude of arbitrary judgments may in the end be forgiven H. L. M.

Lizette Woodworth Reese's poetry has for its characteristic quality an emotion that has been schooled and that finds its interpretation in things that, traditionally, have been found lovable—simple and natural things. There may be readers who, on looking into her book and finding that it offers no innovations in form and that it has much about cherry trees and country lanes, will make up their minds that it is all conventional. If they do it will be because they are not able to distinguish between originality and novelty. Lizette Woodworth Reese has an emotional being that is strong enough to fill out the convention; she is sufficiently well instructed in, and sufficiently sympathetic with, the body of traditional English poetry to be able to use the conventional forms readily and spontaneously. Indeed, the use of these forms is part of a virtue that she possesses—a virtue rare enough in these days, the virtue of not being self-regarding, of not insisting upon one's own inventiveness.

All her poems give the effect of rarities and this is because she writes for one reason only—to give release to an emotion that has been experienced and dwelt upon. Her emotion is always basically a human one, and it is always expressed in terms of things ordinarily seen and known—

> Lovely, secure, unhastening things,
> Fast-kept for this, grip as of yore;—
> The drowsy traffic of the bees;
> The scarlet haws beyond a door.

Hers is a poetry we want to read over and over again; it is a poetry we can live with; it is like bread, like a bowl, like a faggot in a fire, like a blossoming tree down a laneway. It is a poetry that deals with loss and reconcilation, and that is able to invest these themes with dignity and with fairness. Her most famous poem is the sonnet "Tears." Reading it in this selection, I find it memorable indeed—I find that I know it by heart and that I had failed to notice before that it is imperfect as a sonnet seeing that it introduces into the octave a couplet that differs from the rhyme-scheme that had been provided for. A sonnet near it, "Tell Me Some Way," is as fine as "Tears," and a comparison of the two suggests a thought on the sonnet-form. "Tears" enters and stays in our memory because of a rhetorical element that is in it—an element that is not in the other sonnet. The word "rhetoric" is of bad import when used in connection with a poem. But does not a sonnet, to some extent, appeal to what is reflective in us, and is there not a kind of rhetoric that is addressed to what is reflective as distinct from what is emotional in us?

It is one of the mysteries of American literature how Lizette Woodworth Reese writes poetry that is so completely in the tradition of English poetry. She is not of New England. Her ancestry, I think, is Welsh, German, and Irish. Yet she writes as if there had been nothing between her and an English that had come from Herrick, and nothing to break a melody that had been known to all the poets of the English countryside. It is true that in one of her poems she has peach-trees blossoming where peach-trees could never grow—in Dorset or Devon—but although she may be mistaken about a detail here and there in the landscape, her poetry is in and of the English tradition. Perhaps I have made too much use of the words "tradition," and "convention." Lizette Woodworth Reese's poetry is individual and personal. And this volume of Selected Poems will make wide and secure the franchise that the half dozen books of verse already published have won for her.

The Bowling Green

During the absence of Mr. Morley in Europe general contributions will be run in his column.

Super-Writing

I HAVE wondered sometimes, in observing the ways of men, why no one of them ever gives a familiar name to his little daily-driven machine, his typewriter. Mariners name their boats and engineers their locomotives, names whimsical or poetic or affectionate. Owners of motor-cars, in firm and sometimes desperate announcement of superiority or control, give jocular or insignificant names to their machines and drive about their Lizzies and Joshuas and Maggies and Sylvias. Their motto is, "Call your car a meek name and boss it." Sometimes they succeed in bossing it. That is very different from the conjugal *she* of the railway engineer or the sweet namesaking of the sailing captain. But when did one ever name his typewriter? When did he sit down to his Nicodemus in the morning? Or fold over his Genevieve and put her in a case to take her on a business trip with him?

I have only just come to an understanding with my own typewriter. My phrase, I realize, is inexact; for I only mean that I have come to understand it. It, on its part, is not displaying any sense of adjustment or new knowledge. It seems to say that it has always been what it is at this moment. And now that I think of it, it is true that there has always been a poise, an imperturbability, in it which no petulance or nervousness or fickleness of mind in me could ever disturb. It's the serenity of Morello. I might carp and nag with eraser and zxzxzx. I might scarify with purloined razor-blade—blessed be shaven faces!—and language as fricative. But speak my worst what did the mountain care? Gentle its manner always was—but quietly dignified and secure.

That security I now understand. My only wonder is that it was never modified with any impatience at me. For day by day it had been trying to assist me, out of a knowledge fuller than my own. While I had been ready with disciplinary rubber and scalpel and fretful hand on its shuttling platen, up through its moon-faced keys it had been struggling to instruct me. Often while I have been petulantly leafing thesaurus or dictionary, grumbling at time lost, it was quietly laying before me a word that would meet all my needs, a word so complete, so exact, so connotative, so onomatopoetic, that the most precise or inventive of writers could ask no more. And I, even while lamenting the meagerness of the language, had been dully corrective of it.

* * *

But at least I have grown intelligent. That is to say, I recognize the intelligence and knowledge and humor of my machine. For it is most often slightly and slily humorous—Shavian it would perhaps say if that were not so trite a term; since it is above everything opposed to triteness. *Tratness* it once wrote, to express its feeling; and trat is a better adjective for it than trite, you will admit. It often can put into a word what I should take three or four to say, for it can include limitation or modification and opinion, to a degree I yearn to achieve. *Pogical* it called a woman whom I was trying to describe as logical; and pogical she is, in her blunt and bludgeony application of what she thinks are rules. *Statately* it named a man I had in mind, whose dignity was so hung about with frills of consciousness that stately was far too simple a word for him. *Specatacle* it wrote, at mention of the moving-pictures. And isn't the best of them a specatacle? *Charcater* it slily puts in, while I am in the very act of selecting adjectives to describe one with a racketing-about soul. Character has dignity, quantum. You hesitate a bit before applying it to yourself, though you may secretly think you have one. But *charcater* was just right, and my precisian machine knew it. I wondered uneasily whether it thought that I had a charcater instead of a character.

Indeed it is not above jaunty humorous flicks at me and my ideas. They sometimes shrivel before its gay satire. When it repeatedly makes me say *sullicient* instead of my intended smug sufficient, I know that its tongue is in its cheek. When it maliciously—and in bad taste, I should say—turns my damsel into *damself*, I really don't know what to think. It transforms my promiscuous in to *probiscuous* with a grin and a snap of its fingers. The next time it will probably make it *proboscuous*—an eighteenth century synonym, I should guess, for twentieth century *nosey*. I can't say that these belong to a very high type of wit; but we all have off moments. And we recall that the playfulness of Swift found vent in puns and practical jokes. It is not for a mere typewriter to set itself up as having more delicacy than the Dean. Though I will say that at its most relaxed it is above puns and spoonerisms.

It has resources which I should not have thought of or not felt entitled to use. Of course one is not really at home in a language until he is able to take liberties with its forms. But my machine runs words together, with no permission from me, thus indicating a cheek-by-jowlness or a hiptohaunchness in thought which I can never manage to suggest; there seems to be always a space between my words. It has also a sense of reduplicating letters or syllables, which it knows exactly where to place. As for instance its writes *thrillling*, and the most near-sighted can see the strength of that; as the least sensitive can feel all the blushes and quivers of *embarrrassed*. *Hisssing* is another of its achievements. Anyone knows what a *boook* is. Everyone has read at least one boook. Several have been published lately. I thought its *repetitition* rather good. In fact it has a fine sophistication in sound. It uses a nice derangement of its d's and t's, its p's and b's and f's, which only an easy familiarity with Grimm's law, and Verner's and the rest, could guide. It recognizes ablaut relations. And still the typewriter has a kind of independence of stymology and syntactical forms which is very refreshing. I have often thought that there is too much emphasis placed on mere stems. To the winds with Indo-European, it says.

* * *

Even more than its humor or its linguistic knowledge I have come to value its fine precision—a precision far beyond my own. When I intend to write *firmly* and let it go at that, even though I know I should try to hint a little more trepidation or dubitation in my performer, my typewriter takes the matter in hand and writes *firmily* and I recognize that it is right and I am wrong. It is the same case with *tentatitive* in which it touches off the young man who wishes always to leave the way open for revision of his decisions. When I am about to say frightened and it with astonishing effort says *pighened* and I take my eraser in vexed hand, something makes me pause—it has been right so often. And it is so once more. *Pighened* indicates social fears and qualms, not physical ones—as when you are for the moment afraid that that dinner was yesterday instead of coming tomorrow, or that you have laid your hand on the wrong curtains in the Pullman, or that that strange lady is the wife of the man you told her the funny story about. Under such circumstances you are pighened. I consider and bow the head. Yesterday my machine wrote *eterninities* and I regard that as its high-water mark in astuteness. Eternity we only gasp before. To contemplate it is but an exercise in mind-stretching. But *eterninity*—it is as much less than eternity as it is greater than time. You can grasp it and perhaps have some mind left over to apply on eternity.

* * *

And we talk on the meagerness of language and the inadequacy of our equipment for statement! It is humbling to think that a little tapping machine, scarcely alive, often dependent on the ministrations of a baggy man from the shop or unable to proceed without application of a slippery oil-can or an ill-odored brush, can achieve a definition of phrase and a resourcefulness far beyond one's own. There is, it seems, a language above the language we know, finer and rarer and fuller. It is to our tongue what ether is to air, what violet rays are to light. Could I but know it all it would fill the interstices of my clumsy and gaping speech with wording so exact, so complete, so executive! It is the highest ideal of all of us to speak the truth, if means can but be found to do so. With all of this language for our use, how near we could come to perfect faithfulness!

I am glad that I never took the liberty of giving a nickname or a pet name or a familiar humorous name to my instrument. I should now be searching for one respectful, even reverential. I doubt if I could find one quite appropriate.

MARGARET LYNN

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Books of Special Interest

Maya Homeland

ATLANTIS IN AMERICA. By Lewis Spence. New York. Brentano's. 1926. $4.

Reviewed by Alfred M. Tozzer
Harvard University

ATLANTIS has again thrust itself above the waves of the ocean to furnish a foundation for the most elaborate structure that has ever been erected upon this fabulous island. Atlantis not only serves as the home-land of the Mayas of Central America but also as the starting-point for those "Palæolithic Greeks," the Cro-Magnon "race" of Europe.

It is perhaps needless to say that our structure must neccessarily be somewhat nebulous as the site of the building rests upon distinctly insecure grounds. The presence of a land bridge in the north Atlantic between Europe and America in early geological times is verified by several kinds of data but this is quite a different thing from the existence of a mid-Atlantic avenue between the Old and the New World extending into late Palæolithic times. William H. Babcock in an excellent summing up of the question of the legendary islands of the Atlantic, published by the American Geographical Society, writes, "Atlantis was a creation of philosophic romance, incited and aided by miscellaneous data out of history, tradition, and unknown physical phenomena, especially by rumors of the weed-encumbered windless dead waters of the Sargasso Sea." Even the Sargasso Sea seems now to have been a myth according to the late expedition of Mr. Beebe.

Let us grant, for the moment, a firm terrestrial site for our structure; what about the foundations? There is no reinforcement to the underpinnings. It is interesting to note that some of the same stones, mummification, head-flattening, art forms, pyramids, and others, are used by Elliot Smith and his followers to erect a building of entirely different character and orientation. Dr. Smith quarries these stones in Egypt and brings them to America by way of Asia. Our author finds them *in situ* in Atlantis and has them carried both to Central America and to Europe.

The time has probably arrived to cease speaking of a Cro-Magnon "race." Dr. Hooton in an extensive study of the crania from the Canary Islands, a publication of the Harvard African Series, has made a strong case for the thesis that the Cro-Magnons are by no means a "race" but are more or less varying types of hybrid formed by a cross between the long-headed and very large skulls of the Galley Hill type and the somewhat smaller and broader skulls of Mongoloid extraction. This hybrid may have been responsible for the artistic achievements of the Upper Palæolithic but his Mongoloid mixture could hardly have come from anywhere other than the east of Europe.

The author writes, "I have concluded that the Maya civilization was an Atlantean offshoot because I do not see from what other part of the world it could have emanated." He would have the Mayas leave their original home in Atlantis, sojourn for a time in the West Indies, "from which they withdrew to the Central American mainland" about 200 B. C. There are no Maya remains in any of the islands of the Antilles and no evidences of an early occupation of Yucatan. It is difficult to understand the repression of this gifted people on their trek westward from Atlantis during their residence in the West Indies and on the Atlantic coast of Middle America. The earliest Maya remains are far inland, in the interior of Guatemala, and the peninsula of Yucatan, the nearest land to Cuba, was not occupied until the sixth century of our era. Quetzalcoatl, whom the author makes a leader of the western branch of the Atlanteans, has been proved by Dr. Spinden to have been an historical character of the Maya-Toltec peoples, the main events of whose life occurred from 1168 to 1207.

There are several very dangerous cracks in this building; a few only can be pointed out. If the Atlanteans on their arrival in Europe as Cro-Magnons had long heads, broad faces, and were very tall, how could they be short and with round heads when they came to America? The question of language is another difficulty. Presumably the Atlanteans brought their language with them. If it were Maya, then it seems curious that it conforms in general structure to all the other languages of the New World. We know nothing of the speech of the Cro-Magnons, was it Maya too?

The author of this book has written a number of excellent works on Mythology and, more especially, on the myths of Mexico. This book should be classed in the same way, placing Atlantis in the mythical world where it rightfully belongs.

An Old-Time Thriller

WIELAND. By Charles Brockden Brown. Edited with an introduction by Fred Lewis Pattee. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by Johan J. Smertenko

The chief purposes of the present series of volumes are two. The first is to provide for college students, teachers, and general readers authentic texts, with explanatory and critical commentary, of books in American literature unexploited but secure in reputation. . . . . The second purpose is to furnish complete texts of individual writers rather than selections from them. . . . Early texts will be reproduced, so far as practicable for their study in college classes, with the original spelling and punctuation. The American Authors Series will also include texts of the standard writers of our literature.

WITH this modest declaration Stanley T. Williams, the general editor, introduces the American Authors Series to the public. Professor Williams might well have added that though the books are primarily intended for academic uses, there is to be—if one may judge by "Wieland"—none of the pedantic air which makes school texts abhorrent to general readers.

In "Wieland" the scholary elements, exceedingly valuable for those interested, are not imposed on the layman; they are supplementary, not interstitial. Professor Pattee establishes in the special introduction a background for the novel and presents, less successfully, a critical estimate of Brown. He rightly minimizes the influence that Godwin's "Caleb Williams" is said to have had on the author, especially in the writing of this horror-story. But his enthusiasm for "the most noteworthy piece of fiction produced in America during the first generation of the republic" leads him to confuse relative with absolute values.

Even as a wholly original work "Wieland" is but a garrulous tale of terror distinguished, to be sure, by an intelligent appraisal of its characters. Certainly to the modern reader it is not "a tragedy, Grecian in its unities and in its intensities of horror." While it undeniably will still send a pleasantly uncomfortable shudder down one's spine, its murderous and abnormal features are too often duplicated in our newspapers to evoke that sense of loss and pity which distinguishes the tragic from the frightful.

How many will read it as a variant of the murder-mysteries that are now so popular there is no means of telling; it can be honestly recommended as a genuine blood-curdling yarn with the qualification that Brown wrote for educated people and could not anticipate the tabloid newspapers, whereas the authors of contemporary thrillers seek to intrigue the servant girl and the office boy and to compete with Mr. Hearst. In other words, Brown narrates his story at his leisure, voicing his colorful observations and his moralistic philosophy in words suited to his sense and to his rhythm.

Those who still demand something beyond a monosyllabic exposition of plot will find an added and special charm in Brown's grotesque circumlocutions. The work has a pungent taste, at once irritating and pleasing, which makes it impossible as a steady diet but welcome as a spice to contemporary writing. In this respect "Memoirs of Carwin, the Biloquist," the fragment which Brown intended as a sequel to "Wieland," and which is here for the first time printed with it, has more to give to the reader. The old manner is accentuated by the fact that its psychological analysis is altogether modern, if a bit naive, so that the humor which the author lacked is now furnished by Time.

It is obvious to this reader that the American Authors Series will render its greatest service in resurrecting the books worth knowing in early American literature. It is to be hoped that the decision to include the works of our "standard" writers will not interfere with this purpose. We need the selections from the Connecticut wits far more than Irving's "Knickerbocker History," a volume of Cotton Mather more than Franklin's "Autobiography"; we need them because they are less available and because it is well to emphasize that the American literary tradition is not wholly expressed in its most unpopular achievements.

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Books of Special Interest

A Long Road

THE TRAIL OF A TRADITION. By ARTHUR HENDRICK VANDENBERG. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1926. $3.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM MACDONALD

Mr. Vandenberg's book is undoubtedly of a kind to please a good many people. A few pages of the preface should suffice to win the approbation of the Ku Klux Klan, the embattled American Fascisti, and a goodly proportion of the one hundred percenters who, in spite of the ravages of death, time, education, and travel, seem still to be many and conspicuous. It ought to be extremely useful, also, in Americanizing the considerable number of intelligent adult foreigners who have made this country their home, but who are still more or less unfamiliar with American history and ideals. Beyond this obvious audience, however, is another, less assertive and with little apparent solidarity, who will find the book irritating and unpleasant, but who may nevertheless do well to ponder its doctrine and ask themselves whether, all things considered, the unwelcome truth has not at last been told.

Mr. Vandenberg is a champion of nationalism. The "tradition" which he unfolds, "disclosed in cameos of fact," consists in "the cumulative testimony of American experience that we want friendly and coöperating intercourse with all the nations of the earth, but constricting alliances and leagues with none." It is "intelligent Nationalism as opposed to emotional Internationalism," "the doctrine of preserved American Independence as distinguished from mere American Isolation," "the tradition of American Citizenship as opposed to the aspirations of cosmopolites." Translated into other speech, the tradition means an America which has its own policy, pursues its own course, minds its own business, fosters its own interests, sets up and maintains its own standards, and eschews foreign entanglements that might compromise its independence. Mr. Vandenberg does not make the mistake of confounding nationalism with cocksureness, or vaunting American superiority in the face of mankind, and whenever we can help a good cause we apparently ought to do so, but none of these reservations affects the primary point of view. Our duty is to be national to the core, within as well as without, and by so much as nationalism is the proper aim, internationalism is a seductive foe to be resisted whenever and wherever it ventures to show its head.

For proof of the doctrine, "mile-stoned by romance" and "illuminated by sturdy courage," Mr. Vandenberg turns to history, and trails the tradition from the great days of the fathers to the spacious times of Henry Cabot Lodge and President Coolidge. We could hardly have won the war of independence without the aid of France, and for that aid we are, or should be, grateful, but we have paid the debt and the incident is closed. Washington, with Hamilton as mentor, stood for nationalism when he issued his famous proclamation of neutrality in 1793, Madison was for it in the war of 1812, Monroe and John Quincy Adams sealed it in the declaration of the Monroe doctrine, and Lodge saved it from destruction when he opposed Wilson and the League. To the same great end a host of lesser personalities — Webster, Lincoln, Cleveland, McKinley, Roosevelt, even Harding—have contributed, and for the preservation of the same high tradition the present generation ought to strive if America is to remain free. "High-purposed theorists, scorning the admonitions of yesterday, may clothe their call to other roads in all the habiliments of an evangelical crusade, but this independent Nation of justly proud Americans will meddle with such vagary only at its peril."

All this, it is needless to say, will be anathema to the internationalists, and if they have the patience to read the book at all it will probably be only to adjudge it fantastic or condemn it as mischievous. Whether, on the other hand, the doctrine which Mr. Vandenberg enforces, when stripped of the perfervid rhetoric and one-sided emphasis in which he garbs it, has not a good deal more of historical foundation than any internationalist interpretation can claim, is something to be pondered. The historian who sticks to the documents and avoids turning philosopher or prophet has a hard task if he tries to show that America has ever been, for any long period, internationally minded. We have been much less disposed, in a hundred and fifty years of contacts with other nations, to yield a point in controversy than to have our own way, and the same statesmen who have talked benevolent platitudes about the pound of flesh have usually contrived to obtain about all that they set out to get. Geography and experience have made us provincial, and now that our fingers are still smarting from the burns they received when we were induced to play with international fire a few years ago, the prevailing temper is wary. It is greatly to be feared that Mr. Vandenberg's book, with its exuberant appeal to the experiences and temper of national adolescene, will only help to keep us in the same narrow rut, but it may do some good if it shows, to those who would gladly look upon a wider horizon, the length and steepness of the road that has yet to be travelled.

A Famous Rogue

CAGLIOSTRO. By W. R. H. TROWBRIDGE. New York: Brentano's. 1926. $3.50.

Reviewed by ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

CAGLIOSTRO seems to have been the first modern "psychic," unequalled by any of his successors. He exercised his occult powers with a prodigality unknown in these degenerate days. He was a champion table tipper, spirit rapper, crystal gazer, clairvoyant, telepathist, evoker of the past and foreteller of the future, ghost-seer, materializer of spirits—a hundred modern mediums in one. He was also an alchemist and healer of the sick. The methodology of occultism is today just where he left it. Jargons, symbolisms, pretence of esoteric wisdom, travels in the mysterious east, the inevitable secret master—all were his. High spiritual doctrines were ever on his lips. His attempts to establish Egyptian Masonry probably gave Mme. Blavatsky the first cue for her similar endeavors. Exposed again and again, he found new believers wherever he went. His life was spent in prisons and at the courts of princes, in dire poverty and in fabulous wealth. To crown all, he was persecuted and done to death by the Catholic Church, the traditional foe of occultism from the earliest times.

No wonder that this prince of charlatans fascinated Dumas, disgusted Carlyle, and perplexed sober pedestrian historians. Now after the lapse of over a century he has reached out from his unknown grave to cast his spell upon Mr. Trowbridge. The latter, to be sure, indignantly disclaims the idea of "whitewashing" the subject of his biography. But, if not whitewash, he at any rate uses soap-and-water, with a liberal supply of antiseptic. Mr. Trowbridge has striven valiantly to be impartial. With painstaking care he has followed the trail of his hero through its doublings and turnings. He has apparently consulted all known sources—and there are a vast number of them—and has subjected them to close scrutiny. But there is a lack of both lucidity and logic in his presentation. Arguments based upon evidence previously discredited serve to bewilder; so also statements made at critical points without indication whether they are factual or conjectural; even Mr. Trowbridge's good intentions add to the confusion, since while he is manifestly inclined to interpret his hero's actions in the most favorable light, he still part of the time holds this tendency in check so that one cannot, as with more unscrupulous writers, allow for the personal equation.

There are, however, two important contributions in Mr. Trowbridge's book. He casts serious doubt upon the customary identification of Cagliostro with Joseph Balsamo, a slightly earlier charlatan on a much lower level. Should his position be established—Mr. Trowbridge's arguments are plausible rather than entirely convincing—the traits of positive rascality would be eliminated from Cagliostro's character, and he would remain, what Mr. Trowbridge virtually considers him, a kind of exalted Mr. Sludge the Medium, possessor of ill understood powers, self duped as well as duping others. The second contribution is Mr. Trowbridge's careful study of Cagliostro's connection with the revolutionary activities of the Masonic orders, which raises the whole question of the importance of Masonry as one of the agents of the French Revolution. For the rest, Mr. Trowbridge's work is written in an interesting manner and will completely satisfy those who desire merely to pass a pleasant evening in company with one of the most famous rogues of history.

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Carl Spitteler

By JAMES F. MUIRHEAD

ENGLAND has long been inured to the charge of insularity, and even the United States, in spite of its general broad-mindedness, is sometimes accused of too exclusive a preoccupation with its own interests. Perhaps both countries must plead guilty on this score for their attitude of indifference to Carl Spitteler—a man who won the Nobel Prize for Literature, who was singled out for special honour by the French Academy, and who is greatly admired and widely read by the cultivated classes of all German-speaking nations.

England is the greater of the two sinners. Nothing by Spitteler has there (so far as I can ascertain) ever been translated into English, and nothing seems to have been written about him except incidental notices on his winning of the Nobel Prize in 1919 and at his death in 1924. The library of the British Museum contains most of his works, and several commentaries on them by foreign writers; but no English name appears in the Catalogue in connection with his. A diligent oral questionnaire among my friends has not succeeded in finding a single individual who had ever read a line of him.

America is in slightly better case. A translation of a small book he wrote for children seems to have been published in New York in 1922;* but I have not yet been able to obtain a copy of this. Some general attention has also been paid to him in such books as "The Nobel Prize Winners," by Mrs. A. L. Marble, and "Ten Literatures," by Mr. Ernest Boyd. But to those who know and appreciate their Spitteler, this seems as absurdly inadequate as if Victor Hugo were known to English readers only through two short magazine articles and a translation of one of his briefest and least important works.

Turning to other countries and passing over his popularity with the Swiss and other German-speaking races, we find that at least five of his works have been translated into French and that he has many readers in France, a country not preëminently hospitable to books in German. Among his French admirers are such men as M. Romain Rolland and M. Baudouin, both of whom have devoted much energy to critical analysis of his poems and have indulged themselves in phrases of a most appreciative character. And now we are told that a translation of an eulogium by M. Rolland has excited so much interest among the students of Calcutta that they are diligently learning German in order to read Spitteler in the original.

To quality Spitteler adds quantity as a claim on our attention. His "Olympian Spring" consists of 18,000 lines, in rhymed couplets. His prose epic "Prometheus and Epimetheus" contains 100,000 words. "Prometheus der Dulder," a recasting in verse of his prose poem, has nearly 7,000 lines. He published three or four volumes of shorter poems. His prose works include several romances, a charming account of his infancy, and a volume of literary and artistic criticism. I am far from considering bulk as in itself a claim for attention. But we are entitled to take number as well as merit into account when we compare Shakespeare's Sonnets with Blanco White's "Night and Death." And there are very few lines of Spitteler I should like to see blotted.

I confess that since my youthful study of Virgil, Homer, Milton, and Goethe, my epical reading has been distinctly limited. I never succeeded in finishing "The Faerie Queen." Doughty's "Dawn in Britain" was altogether too much for me. Nor have I read the whole of the "Orlando Furioso," a poem to which Spitteler was introduced by Jakob Burckhardt, and which is believed to have influenced Spitteler's whole literary career. Hardy's "Dynasts" is rather a dramatic poem than an epic. But, at an age at which one could hardly expect a new (poetic) planet to swim into his ken, I have read all three of Spitteler's epics with keen enjoyment, and have every intention of reading at least large parts of them again.

Spitteler's life was comparatively uneventful. He was born in 1845 at Liestal, a small town in the Swiss canton of Bâle University, he spent several years in teaching and journalism, partly in Russia. In 1881 he published "Prometheus and Epimetheus," under the pseudonym of "Felix Tandem." The indifferent reception of this great work, on which he had spent many years of labor, determined him to abandon literature as a career; but chance made him pecuniarily independent in 1892, and from that date till his death at the close of 1924 he lived at Lucerne, producing a long series of poems and other prose works. "Schmetterlinge" (Butterflies), a collection of short poems, appeared in 1889, and was followed by four volumes of prose. The Swiss critic, J. V. Widmann, literary editor of the *Berner Bund*, became his active champion; but it was an enthusiastic pamphlet of Felix Weingartner, the well-known conductor and composer, published in 1904, that first made Spitteler known outside of Switzerland. Spitteler always called Weingartner his "discoverer." Weingartner's enthusiasm was due mainly to "Olympian Spring," the first draft of which was issued between 1900 and 1905 (final version in 1910). And it was chiefly for this wonderful poem that the Nobel prize was awarded to him in 1919.

Two other volumes of short poems ("Balladen" and "Glockenlieder") appeared in 1896 and 1906. His closing years were occupied in a poetical "Umdichtung" or recasting of his philosophic prose epic on the story of Prometheus, and this was published in 1924, under the title of "Prometheus der Dulder," or "Prometheus the Patient."

If space allowed, an analysis of the "Prometheus" would probably be the best introduction to Spitteler, the philosophic poet. This, however, would be a complicated and far-reaching task, and a few tentative and general words must suffice. His preoccupation with "Prometheus" from his earliest to his latest days irresistibly recalls the parallel case of Goethe and "Faust." The analogy, however, is mainly external. Spitteler is no more a mere follower of Goethe than is the author of "Peer Gynt." His subject, as of every epic worthy of the name, is Humanity—its woes, its joys, its struggles towards the light. His hero Prometheus represents the free, unshackled man, who follows implicitly the commands of his "Herrin Seele" a term which cannot be adequately translated by either "Soul" or "Ideal." The "Seele" is personified as a lovely but severe Goddess. Epimetheus according to ordinary standards, a highly estimable personage, is the man who is content with something less than the highest, who allows a touch of the expedient and conventional to interpose between himself and the abstract ideal. The poet does not stick at all closely to the story of classical mythology. He recasts it for his own purposes, invents his own episodes and imagery, and steeps his theme in an atmosphere of the most glowing romance. The earlier draft of the poem is written in a naïve, short-sentenced, quasi-Biblical, rhythmical prose, which obviously gave Nietzche his model for "Zarathustra" (published a few years later). No doubt it is possible to find in the "Olympian Spring" ("Olympischer Frühling") a very considerable amount of philosophy, symbolism, and satire. On first acquaintance, however, my advice would be to approach it in the naïve spirit of a child and read it simply as an enthralling fairy-tale. It represents the heroic and romantic side of Spitteler's muse, just as the "Prometheus" represents his mystic and prophetic vein. Here, too, the poet uses the ancient mythological scenario with great freedom. The general theme is the advent to supreme power of Zeus and the Olympians, after the overthrowal of Kronos and the Titans; it is at once a Götterdämmerung and a Götterwachen. It is divided into five parts: the Ascent to Olympus, Hera the Bride, The High Noon or Meridan of the Olympians, End of the High Noon, Zeus. The last part of Book V. is devoted to Heracles, the mortal son of Zeus, who faces the task in which his divine father has failed, with determined courage though almost without hope. The poem ends on this Promethean note of loyalty to the highest that we know, whatever may be our own fate. If a second maxim may be drawn from the epic, it is that life, with all its evils, wears a shining and consoling crown of beauty.

Hera is represented as the Queen of the Amazons, destined, under the all-compelling decree of Ananke (when Spitteler makes masculine), to become the none-too-willing bride of Zeus. Ajax is one of the Olympians, not a Greek Hero. And so on. Totally new mythological characters are introduced, such as the dwarf Hyphaist, the divine child Eidelon, the ogre Pelarg, the diabolic rebel Kakokles, and Theopomp, Hera's master of ceremonies; and thei stories are interwoven with those of names well-known to the schoolboy. Such charming episodes as Hylas and Kaleidusa, Apollo the Discoverer, and the various athletic contests of the Olympians, can be read and enjoyed as if they were independent poems, though their bearing on the central theme is clear enough to prevent them from being merely interruptions of the general story. The inventiveness of the different episodes shows the art of the consummate story-teller. The sumptuous pageantry of the descriptions, whether of action or of scenery, is overwhelming in its pictorial and musical effect. The whole poem (and in this respect it differs from most epics) is lit up by a genial and fascinating humor, the genesis of which may be due to the influence of Ariosto, operating on a native gift. The human interest is all-pervading, for Spitteler's Olympians are at least as human as their Greek prototypes. The many new compound words used by the poet (a device to which the German tongue easily lends itself) are notable for their poetic quality, perspicacity, and aptness. They strike the reader, not as applied ornament, but as the inevitable expression of the poet's thought. The alternation of male and female rhymes in the six-foot iambic couplets gives the necessary variety and elasticity to the verse. The scenery, so vividly described in these cantos, is obviously that of Switzerland; and many passages are based on personal experiences that we find described in his "Earliest Recollections" and elsewhere. Whatever else may be said of the "Olympian Spring," it is one of the most gorgeous and enthralling stories "ever said in rhyme."

No space is left to speak of Spitteler's other works, including the prose essays on art, music, and literature which made Nietzsche term him the greatest writer on æsthetics in the German tongue. Most of these are well worth reading, though a few, perhaps, are too "Swiss" and too "dated" to make any particular appeal to American readers. But this word "Swiss" reminds me to note in conclusion that Spitteler, both in form and spirit is very far from being a "German" author in any commonly understood sense. As a native of Alemannic Switzerland, he naturally had to use the language to which he was born; but I do not think anyone can read him without feeling that he is essentially a Swiss, representing very fully and emphatically that fusion of Latin and Teutonic elements which have gone to make Switzerland what it is. And we recognize even more deeply that there is something in Spitteler which could not have originated anywhere but among the Alpine heights and free institutions of this little patch of Europe.

Die Mädchenfeinde, translated, under the title of "Two Little Misogynists," by Mme. la Vicomtesse La Roquette-Buisson.

Foreign Notes

Max Dauthendey, one of the most noteworthy of recent German poets, died in 1917 in Java, whither ill-health had driven him before the outbreak of the war. Parts of the diary he kept while in exile have now been posthumously published under the title "Erlebnisse auf Java, and den Tagebüchern von Max Dauthendey" (Munich: Langen). The book falls into two main parts, the one depicting scenes and contrasts of Javanese life and the other recounting the ascent of the Smeroe mountain. It is a piece of lively and distinguished writing,—some of the best that has been spent on its subject, Java.

E. M. Forster is to deliver the Clark lectures at Trinity College, Cambridge. There will be ten of them and his subject will be some aspect or other of the novel.

In his "Altre Pagine sulla Grande Guerra" (Milan: Mondadori), Marshal Luigi Cadorna has issued four essays dealing with side issues of the war. Students of the conflict should find them of considerable interest.

Mr. Austin, for forty years the stage-door keeper at Covent Garden, has written a book of his reminiscences which is to include many stories about Melba.

"The Correspondence of Gray, Walpole, West and Ashton, 1734-1771," published by the Oxford University Press, includes more than 100 letters now first published. Another publication of the same press, "Reminiscences Written by Mr. Horace Walpole in 1788," for the amusement of Miss Mary and Miss Agnes Berry, now first printed in full from the original manuscript, is of interest to booklovers. The edition, which is limited to 500 copies, is printed in the manner of the Strawberry Hill Press on pure rag paper and bound in boards.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later

Art

HINESE LACQUER. By EDWARD F. STRANGE. Scribner's. 1926. $35.

Up to the present no book on Chinese cquer existed and except for some in-oductions to catalogues and some articles magazines, no information on this sub-ct was available. Edward F. Strange's ork will therefore be a very welcome ad-ition to the libraries of those interested in hinese art. The book is beautifully illus-ated with black and white color repro-uctions of pieces in the Victoria and Al-rt Museum, and in some private and deal-'s collections; it is thoroughly and pains-kingly compiled, and contains a great eal of useful information. Though chief-treating of the eighteenth century lac-uers with a marked preference for the arved cinabar lacquer it contains two very nteresting chapters on the technique and ne history of lacquer in China. In the hapter on the technique interesting facts vill be found on the making of originals s well as of imitations and common pieces.

The historical part deals with the very arly pieces which have lately been found n excavations, which date as far back as oo B. C., but none of these are illustrated; ne Ming period is fairly represented, but ne remarkable early lacquered pieces with ilver inlay which are so wonderfully repre-ented in the Shosoin in Nara and the simi-ar pieces found in Chinese tombs are not pecially discussed. The author's chief in-erest evidently lies with the Ming and ighteenth century lacquers, the gorgeous arved red lacquer objects, and the Coro-nandel screens.

It is therefore chiefly for the collectors f these very decorative pieces that the ook will be of great value. But also for he few more archæologically inclined it ontains some very valuable information; at east it will give them the desire to know omething more of the origin of the lacquer-r's art which is here shown in its proudest levelopments. Several chapters are added n the symbols and meanings of the deco-ations which will be of great use to all hose interested in these subjects.

On the whole "Chinese Lacquers" is a aluable addition to our books on Chinese rts and crafts and treats in a very thorough way with this subject which up to now could only be studied in chapters found here and there in general books on Chinese art.

RELATION IN ART. By VERNON BLAKE. Illustrated. Oxford University Press. 1926.

We have here within rather small com-pass a closely reasoned æsthetic and its application as criticism to the various usual arts. The author is well read in general philosophy and in the modern meta-physics of science, but apparently quite without reading in his own science. Nor does this seem a disadvantage in a book which, being based on long meditation and practice of the arts, is entirely lived and personal. Within the alloted space, only a hint of the theory can be given. It pro-ceeds from the postulate that the universe is both highly complex and entirely order-ly. This order may be apprehended by men but not directly. The scientist appre-hends it by hypotheses which, themselves false, are parallel with the ultimate reality. The artist's intuition similarly finds paral-lels for the general order in his own think-ing, and projects in his appropriate medium visual analogies for his intuition; and finally the observer draws from the work of art his own analogies, which parallel the entire series faithfully.

The artist's intuition is of two sorts, he may assert the unity and order of the uni-verse, in which case his art will seek abso-lute form; or he may assert the complexity and variety of the universe, in which case his art will seek an indefinite suggestiveness. We evidently have here a clearer and more psychological definition of the old vague terms classic and romantic.

This will be enough to show that the author as critic will study chiefly the rhet-oric of the work of art, but with the dif-ference from many critics who do this by rule of thumb, that he will always refer rhetorical judgments to a high court of philosophy.

For all but specialists, the theoretical part of the book will be hard reading. In-deed the unmetaphysical art-lover may be advised to begin with the second, critical, part. It is a discussion of working proc-esses, in the visual arts cutting across usual lines of period and school, and it abounds in mature and profound appreci-ation of particular artists, and works of art with enlightening analysis from litera-ture and music.

Belles Lettres

FROM GOETHE TO HAUPTMANN. By CAMILLO VON KLENZ. Viking Press. 1926. $2.50.

This volume is properly a group of essays in comparative literature. Al-though the author makes his starting point from German literature, he roams over the entire range of modern literature in the attempt to locate literary sources and cul-tural influences. Moreover, he visualizes literature as the conscious expression of hu-man culture, and in his critical method he is a humanist very much after the manner of Irving Babbitt. Being of German origin, however, his antipathy to romantic-ism is less marked.

In the first essay the point is very well made that Italy had affected with its beauty such northern visitors as Cochin, Winckel-mann, and Goethe, and through them the entire culture of northern Europe. The second essay traces carefully Ruskin's views of art to the writings of the early German romantics. The third discusses the fiction of Gottfried Keller and Conrad Frederick Meyer in the light of the development of the novel during the nineteenth century. In the fourth such dramatists as Kleist, Grill-parzer, Hebbel, and Anzengruber are shown to bridge the gap between Schiller's ex-alted tragedies and Hauptmann's "Weavers." The final essay depicts the change in atti-tude in the working classes from the time of Castiglione to the present, and how this change is reflected in the writings of such men as Zola, Tolstoy, and Hauptmann. The volume is unquestionably an important contribution to the expanding field of com-parative literature. It shows, however, greater scholarship than originality, and its value lies in the bringing together into a related whole material which hitherto was to be found scattered and without literary unity.

Biography

LATER DAYS. By W. H. DAVIES. Doran. $2.

We cannot regard this as what its pub-lishers call it, "a sparkling sequel to 'The Autobiography of a Super-Tramp.'" The omnipresent naiveté of Mr. Davies in this small volume before us reveals much un-conscious humor, but the conscious fooling is heavy and clumsy, the egocentricity rather appalling. W. H. Davies is a reckon-able poet. He had much better leave his biography in other hands. He displays no gift for it. His anecdotes of the writers he has known are rather banal. The most in-teresting person in his book of recollections, as he presents them, is the tramp who sold the wooden umbrella.

The simple charm of some of Davies's poetry resides in a lack of the self-con-sciousness which is painfully obtrusive in his prose. And the strangely felicitous phrase that sometimes bubbles up regardless in his verse is absent in this heavier medium.

Fiction

TEMPER. By LAWRENCE H. CONRAD. Dodd, Mead. 1926. $2.

First published more than two years ago, this remarkable novel well merits its present re-issue and the attention of serious-minded readers who overlooked its preceding ap-pearance. It is the grim, melancholy story of a young Italian immigrant's struggle to rise from obscurity, from the lowly station of an unskilled factory worker and above the inherent limitations of his own nature. As a harshly realistic study of industrial conditions and of exalted, but futile, aspira-tion, the book is a memorable and masterly work.

TRAVELLING MEN. By W. G. DOWSLEY. Stokes. 1926. $2.

Southern Ireland in 1816, when the shadow of '98 still oppressed the Gaelic soul and the memory of heroic Emmet kept

(*Continued on next page*)

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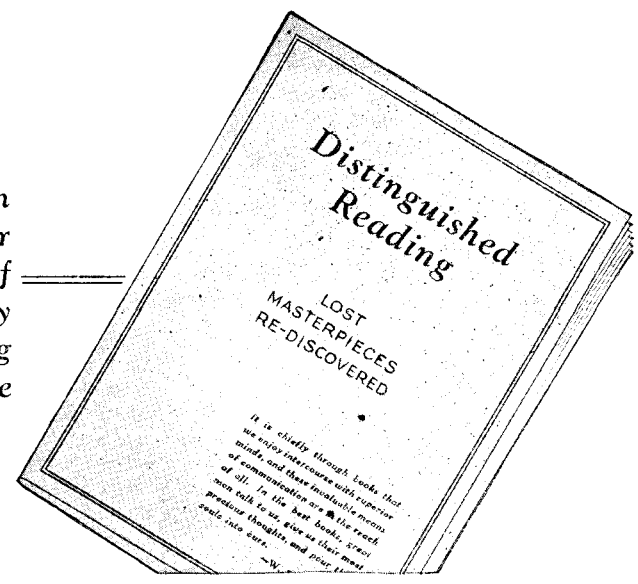

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50 West 47th St., New York City.

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Back Stage

An intimate glimpse of the actors as they appear behind the scenes is not allowed to everyone. This in itself is too bad as, far from destroying a gilded illusion—people today rarely feel that those in the public eye are "little tin Gods"—it would enable the many people who are not at present among the chosen few to attain a feeling of friendliness toward these other so-human beings.

* * * * *

On this hot day—and it is hot—we turn our attention to the non-fiction lists of the various publishers. There are a number of very interesting books at present, and more to come. They almost invariably deal with life, or some phase of existence in one way or another—either as treatises concerning the lives of certain individuals or expositions of various details of the Great Plan. Whether they are broad and general or narrow and specific, nearly every one of these works has within its covers something that will make the reader richer for his pains. A detailed example, in a biography for instance, or a broad generality in, let us say, a work combining psychology and physiology, will, if read with attention and interest, intrigue the reader into thinking. Whether that reader arrives at an agreement or disagreement with the author makes very little difference. Sufficient is it that his thought processes have been stimulated. He has (if he finally agrees) learned something about life; if he disagrees, he has found out something for himself.

* * * * *

Vicarious experience is essential to a well-rounded life. Our time on earth is too short to allow us to use our five senses so that all possible situations may be met. But we may see through the eyes of others, and hear with their ears, and, if we are careful in selecting our reading, derive a great deal of benefit from those who have lived through situations which cannot come within our range.

* * * * *

Undoubtedly a number of readers will immediately brand these remarks as trite. They may be—to a certain class—but we who are of the bookshops realize only too keenly that there are still countless numbers of people who have never learned that *more* knowledge is always necessary.

These remarks are not directed at that class, however, but at those who recognize a platitude when they see one—and to them we say, "You who realize the necessity for reading—may you also learn to know your obligations. Help teach those who are not so knowing."

ELLIS W. MEYERS,
Executive Secretary,
American Booksellers' Association.

The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

aglow the passion for freedom, is the setting of Mr. Dowsley's romance. An Irish lad, Murty O'Mahony, is the narrator, and early in the story he becomes the companion of George Borrow, then a runaway boy in his teens, together with a hunted patriot, in a wild flight from pursuit by soldiers of the British patrolling forces. The story is picturesquely and unpretentiously written, liberal in humorous "blarney," but as a whole it is too essentially childish for enjoyment by the average adult reader.

JULIET IS TWENTY. By JANE ABBOTT. Lippincott. 1926. $2.

Juliet's publisher is not likely to further her sale by dressing the book in such a fearful production as that which embellishes the jacket. But the story itself, though exclusively woman's fiction, is immeasurably better than its outer trimmings hint. Our heroine, unhappily on her way home from a shortened college career, is prevailed upon by a trained nurse to marry a strange man at the point of death in a hospital. Perhaps a shrewd reader will foresee that the man may recover, but ere this amazing eventuality is revealed to Juliet, she passes through a host of practical, broadening experiences in social life, courtings, and jobs. A competent, level-headed young person, although not phenomenally brilliant, Juliet is utterly natural and honestly portrayed. The story is respectably written, scarcely touched by mawkishness, and should have a strong appeal for girls in general from twelve to ninety.

THE SILENT SIX. By AUSTIN J. SMALL. Doran. 1926. $2.

Revenge is the controlling note in this melodramatic tale of how a martyred member of the safe-cracking "Silent Six" took fatal toll of the five who had wronged him. Damon Grey, with unswerving loyalty to his confederates, serves alone a prison sentence of eighteen years for a crime of which each one of the band had been equally guilty. He emerges from servitude middle-aged, but hopeful and unbroken, to seek reunion with the wife from whom confinement had parted him. When he learns that his old colleagues have betrayed him by allowing his loved one to die of want, he determines to kill all five by a singularly ingenious and undetectable means. Preparatory to doing so, he summons them to conference, discloses what is to occur to each of them, and the next evening bags his first victim in the presence of the affrighted others. Of course the surviving four men adopt desperate protective measures to save themselves from this vengeful monster, but relentlessly, one by one, he drops them into eternity, and when the last is gone, he himself joins them. There is no attempt made in the story to mystify or mislead the reader, this all-cards-on-table method adding greatly to, rather than impairing, the interest and suspense with which the tale abounds.

THE WRONG LETTER. By WALTER S. MASTERMAN. Dutton. 1926. $2.

Mr. Masterman has managed to sustain the mystery of his story to its dramatic close, and despite its unexpectedness has succeeded in making the resolution of his crime plausible. His tale in the main follows along fairly conventional lines, though it introduces an episode more common to romantic fiction than to detective literature, and it never flags in interest. For it Mr. G. K. Chesterton has written what might be termed a negatively approving preface, that is to say, he praises it for the sins it does not commit. We are inclined to feel that its virtues on the whole are rather negative than positive, for while it escapes the pitfalls of many stories of its kind, it is written with absolutely no grace of style, and its incidental love story is of the weakest type.

THE TORRENTS OF SPRING. By ERNEST HEMINGWAY. Scribners. 1926. $1.50.

Mr. Hemingway is one of the younger writers whose future may be interesting. In his book of short stories, "In Our Time," he presented some fiction of more than average merit, though the influence of Sherwood Anderson was discernible. "The Torrents of Spring," inasmuch as it burlesques the Andersonian manner, may be taken as a sign that Hemingway is freeing himself of an influence of which he is obviously conscious. The book is slight but amusing in spots. One of the spots is the account of Yogi Johnson in the Indian Club. A *jeu d'esprit*, that is all.

The more serious-minded may feel that one who so evidently chose Anderson as his master in earlier work repays his tutelage but ill by finally poking fun at the deficiencies of the method. But the complimentary character of parody must also be considered. And a true admirer of Anderson's best work must also be aware of tendencies that cannot but stir one's humor, however admirable much of this author's writing may seem. Hemingway, as he gropes to "find himself," is simply getting Anderson "out of his system," and has taken this means of doing so. Anderson's status among modern writers being assured, the younger writer's half-hour of humor can hardly be said to work to his injury.

CHALLENGE. By JOAN SUTHERLAND. Harpers. 1926. $2.

Huge, long-winded, and top-heavy as this mastodonic novel seems to be (it runs far beyond 150,000 words) there is little of tedium in it, the vast superfluous weight that it carries being cleverly disguised as material indispensable to the story. The author has a large theme, several contributory minor ones, and a swarm of people to deal with, none of which, we believe, could have been as satisfactorily presented with average brevity. Primarily, the tale is concerned with Prince Michael Kaleninoff, member of an ancient Polish family which has for three generations been settled in England and there, through world-wide banking operations, grown prodigiously rich. Michael is a celebrated diplomatist who has been invaluable to the allied cause in the late war and after, an authority on international relations and the evils of inter-racial breeding, a multi-millionaire, a great man, but an unhappy one.

In early youth (he has now entered his forties) a blighted love affair turned him misanthropic but had not destroyed his passion for the woman who had rejected him. At last he is on the verge of being united with her when there comes the shattering revelation of her hidden faithlessness to him. This tragedy is followed by another, as poignant and heart-breaking for Michael to bear, in which he is directly responsible, but even more grievously affecting the lives of two young people who are dear to him. The immense background of the story takes in New York, London, Paris, Italy, the Riviera, our Mid-West and South, but in all these varying regions there seems to be something substantial and significant added to the erection of the whole. The book is impressive, not only for the "heft" of its materials but for their quality as well.

CHILD OF THE NORTH. By RIDGWELL CULLUM. Doran. 1926. $2.

The sensitive reader may be utterly revolted by the hideous barbarities and mutilations visited, in this north Canada tale, upon a luckless white man at the hands of Dogrib Indians. But the atrocity, which occurs early in the story, is essential to providing the plot with a motive—that of the long prepared vengeance undertaken by the wrecked man's friend. The latter cares faithfully for the now helpless, deranged invalid, guarding the immense fortune that the victim has unearthed, before his affliction, in a prodigious gold "strike," and tracking relentlessly the white malefactor at whose instigation the Indians have used their dreadful torture. It is a well-written, ingenious story, its horrors generously relieved by a plentitude of incident more congenial and happy than the distressful one we have mentioned.

THE TENTS OF JACOB. By HYMAN COHEN. McBride. 1926. $2.50.

This, like most first novels, suffers from its author's inability to cope artistically with his human material; in consequence the characters, while vivid creations, appear streaked with sentiment, and their story emerges amorphous and ill-proportioned. The author indeed attempts to tell two distinct stories—one centering in Sorke and the other in Rephoel—and naturally fails to tell either well. Sorke is a young orphan who is forced to marry an impotent and scurrilous fellow, and then is kept bound to him by the strong ties of custom very much against her will. Her loveless and childless life is for a brief period made happy by the affection of a handsome soldier, and when he leaves her to die in the battlefield she is with child. Thereafter her life is an ordeal which she endures willingly because of her daughter. Rephoel's struggle with his superstitious and bigoted townsmen and his final victory over them is related in the second story. Sorke's maternal interest in Rephoel's welfare and the latter's love for her child form the threads of unity between the two narratives.

The book is interestingly but imperfectly conceived. The characters are treated melodramatically—the author being unable conceal his strong sympathy for some a his intense dislike for others; and the pl becomes sentimental toward the end.

If Mr. Cohen is as yet an immatu novelist, he has written an excellent pie of social history. His book contains an i timate and accurate account of the life the orthodox Jews in a typical Russian v lage during the latter part of the nin teenth century. He describes animated and in great deail their customs and th prejudices, their religious beliefs and th native superstitions, their joys and tribul tions, their holidays and their workad drabness. Those readers who are at a acquainted with the life of these Jews w find the book fascinating reading.

EVENINGS ON A FARM NEAR DIKANKO. *Nikolay Gogol.* Knopf. $2.50 net.

THE GENTLEMAN FROM VIRGINIA. By *Char Alden Seltzer.* Doubleday, Page. $2.

APOSTATE. By *Forrest Reid.* Houghton M flin. $4.

THE BIG HOUSE. By *Mildred Wasson.* Houg ton Mifflin. $2.

365 NIGHTS IN HOLLYWOOD. By *Jimmy Sta* Hollywood, Calif.: David Graham Fischer.

SHADOWS OF THE VALLEY. By *Clyde W. Hig tower.* Hollywood, Calif.: David Graha Fischer. $2.

THE LAMPLIGHTER. By *Charles Dickens.* A pleton. $1.25.

SUN WOMAN. By *James W. Schultz.* Hought Mifflin. $2.

PADLOCKED. By *Rex Beach.* Harpers. $2.

THE DESERT THOROUGHBRED. By *Jackson Gre ory.* Scribners. $2.

CODE OF MEN. By *Homer King Gordo* Crowell. $2.

THE CLUB OF MASKS. By *Allen Upward.* Li pincott. $2.

Juvenile

SOLDIER BOY. By FÉLICITÉ LEFÈVR and TONY SARG. Greenberg. 1926.

This small book, profusely illustrated a decorated in colors by Tony Sarg, once mo gives evidence of this famous illustrator and puppet-master's whimsical talents. Th story, slight and amusing for six-year-old is told with the House-That-Jack-Bui repetitions so beguiling to a child of th age. It is all about a little boy, Tomm who went for to be a soldier and becam a bugler. It can be read in about fiv minutes, but the gay pictures will be pore over by any child fond of bright illustra tions for a much longer time. New an diverting details to the drawings will be dis covered upon a second or third perusal. Th book may be said to be in the Europea tradition of illustrated children's books. I reminds of certain French and German im portations.

Miscellaneous

THE LAWN TENNIS LIBRARY: METH ODS AND PLAYERS. By J. PARMLY PARET. Edited by S. WALLIS MERRI HEW. American Lawn Tennis, Inc., 46 Eighth Avenue, New York. 1926. $4

This is volume four of the Lawn Tenni Library, of which there are seven volume in all. The first three, written by J. Parmly Paret are an elementary book, "Lessons fo Beginners," a guide to play after firs principles have been mastered, entitled "Me chanics of the Game," and an analytica study of "inside tennis" called "Psychology and Advanced Play."

The volume before us is a new edition of perhaps the best-known and most approved book on tennis that has ever been published Included are expert opinions on all dis puted points of play by more than sixty of the world's masters of the game. There are sixty half-tone reproductions of champions in action. The text furnishes a complete education in the game itself.

Poetry

POEMS. By MARIE CORELLI. Doran. 1926. $2.

The tendency to see likenesses between authors is a bad habit, but, were it not that someone might buy the book on the strength of it, it would be a temptation to say that the poetry of Marie Corelli looks like Laurence Hope at her worst with God for a backdrop instead of India. Certainly God and love are here as irretrievably mixed as Laurence Hope ever mixed her romantic and flowery India with her equally excitant and sentimental passion. There is however a difference. The work of Laurence Hope is at least an active form of expression. This posthumous work of Marie Corelli is less an expression of anything she imagined, thought, or felt, than a substitution for living, an excuse, a source of self-pity. Feeling her life unhappy and unfulfilled she fled from the real to a contemplation of an important heaven—but realizing in time that there was no mar-

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age or giving in marriage there, she nought better of it and returned to the amiliar knowledge not so much of unreuited love as of all lack of it. That so lind-ignorant a philosophy of life is silly oes not prevent it being pitiful. It is also ernicious, as pap for the thwarted, when is pretentious, often is.

As a matter of fact the poetry is not so ery bad. There is so much bad poetry nat a little more or less doesn't make much ifference, and it is quite possible to forgive n outworn technique and a continuous hyming of supernal, eternal, mate, fate, ours, flowers, provided there is some one hing, however slight, to cherish. But echnique forgiven and forgot, and philsophy forgot but not forgiven, even the 'hilistine not born in the era of the auhor's popularity can find a plot in the motioned prose of the novels. In this—othing.

THE AMERICAN POETRY ASSOCIATION YEAR BOOK OF POEMS. Edited by CHARLES HAMMOND GIBSON. The American Poetry Association, 687 Boylston street, Boston. 1926. $2.

This is the first year book of poems of The American Poetry Association to attain ook form. Charles Hammond Gibson is resident of the association. The objects of the association are "the study of poetry, nd the encouragement of American writers of poetry, according to the highest classical nd progressive standards of this art." We ave examined the book carefully and canot unfortunately report any gleams of genuine talent, though there is displayed a ertain facility in versification.

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*

A BALANCED RATION

CIRCE'S ISLAND AND THE GIRL AND THE FAUN. By *Eden Phillpotts.* (Macmillan.)
THE ART IN PAINTING. By *Albert C. Barnes.* (Harcourt, Brace.)
BROKEN EARTH. By *Maurice Hindus.* (International.)

E. C., Long Island, N. Y., "has been searching in vain for a book on American history written by an historian who realizes that his subject calls for more than a conglomerate mass of ponderous facts and weighty details."

COME now, that's the last way I should describe American history as presented for public use in the last few years. What is there ponderous about James Truslow Adams, for example? However heavy his erudition, he balances it without visible effort. See how deftly he deals with New England in the triad of brilliancies, "The Founding of New England," "Revolutionary New England," and the just-added "New England in the Republic: 1776-1850," all these from the press of Little, Brown. "Jefferson and Hamilton," by Claude G. Bowers (Houghton Mifflin), is caught from hand to hand by enraptured readers. "Aaron Burr," by Waddell and Minnegerode (Putnam), a biography that is also a history, if it does not entirely "restore" its subject, at least renovates its façade by removing the soot. Plenty of this yet clings to the popular idea of Burr; in his lifetime he was credited with sooty connections. No, I cannot for a moment admit that recent American history-books lie heavy on the spirit: there is Professor Edward Channing's "War for Southern Independence" (Macmillan), which lately won the Pulitzer history prize; this is the sixth volume of his "History of the United States" and may be read without reading all the rest of it. How hard it is, even yet, to treat this period with sufficient detachment and yet retain the fire without which historians write but blue-books, only one of my generation can appreciate. For that matter it is only recently that we have begun to consider dispassionately our beginnings: take for example the period now admirably set forth by Professor Herbert L. Osgood, late of Columbia, in "The American Colonies in the Eighteenth Century" (Columbia University Press). This authoritative work is in four volumes; it should be considered by all public libraries, and those with special historical collections must have it. As for Mark Sullivan's "The Turn of the Century" (Scribner) and Thomas Beer's "The Mauve Decade" (Knopf), people are reading these like dime-novels: history, working backwards, has now reached "The Dreadful Decade," under which title Don G. Seitz writes a book (Bobbs-Merrill) about the seventies and what was the matter with us then. It is a book to deflate what pride may persist in the breasts of my contemporaries: it certainly was, politically speaking, a bad decade in which to be born. But then, come to think of it, we were none of us politically born until at least two and a half decades later. Books about the seventies, if they are honest, are bound to be valuable just now for the light they throw on processes of reconstruction after a protracted war; when the second volume of Ellis Paxson Oberholzer's "History of the United States Since the Civil War" (Macmillan) appeared a couple of years ago, I found everywhere unexpected parallels to the events through which we were then passing. There is another volume of this work just out, and I promise myself the pleasure of reading it: this one covers 1872-1878.

No, I should say that our chronicles were moving in quickstep. Why, the Yale University Press has even put them into pictures: "The Pageant of America," "Adventures in the Wilderness," by Clark Wissler, Constance Lindsay Skinner, and William Wood, and "Toilers of Land and Sea," by Ralph Henry Gabriel. These are the opening volumes of a series which does not smother the text with pretty and often irrelevant illustration, as so many popular attempts at pictorial histories have done, but does provide a many-sided record by competent authorities with a wealth of pictures of historic value.

E. W., Mankato, Minn., read in the DEARBORN INDEPENDENT *that Edwin Markham had been awarded an international prize for a poem on Edgar Allan Poe, but cannot find the poem in American publications.*

"OUR Israfel—in memory of Poe," by Edwin Markham, won the prize offered by the English *Poetry Review* in an international contest held under the supervision of Alice Hunt Bartlett, American editor of the *Review*. The judges included Alfred Noyes, Robert Bridges, and several magazine editors here and abroad. The poem, which is in four parts, 26 stanzas in all, was printed in the *New York Times Book Review*, June 7, 1925. Mr. Markham sends me a copy "revised May, 1926," in which the first stanza is recast and now reads:

The sad great gifts the austere Muses bring—
Breathing on poets the immortal breath—
Were laid on him that he might darkly sing
Of Beauty, Love, and Death.

The poem is copyrighted, and this publication is by Mr. Markham's permission.

E. M. H., Palo Alto, Cal., returning thanks for the list of books about the Basque country, suggests that the pilgrimages in connection with this year's commemoration of St. Francis of Assisi make a list of books about Umbria desirable.

THERE is a new edition of Edward Hutton's "Cities of Umbria" (Dutton), one of the books that may be used for guidance in travel or kept for refreshment after it. Gabriel Faure's "The Land of St. Francis of Assisi" is one of the Medici Society's Picture Guides; this series is copiously illustrated yet detailed enough (and light enough) for field use; I advise study-clubs planning "travel-programs" to use these books where they can. The Mediæval Towns Series, published by Dutton, includes L. D. Gordon's "Assisi," and "Perugia" by the same author with Margaret Symonds; these volumes give the student or traveler a view of the history and legendary of a long list of towns on the Continent and in England; they made excellent preparatory reading. "St. Francis of Assisi," by G. K. Chesterton (Doran), and "Little Brother Francis of Assisi," by Michael Williams (Macmillan), will be happily read whatever one's religious affiliations, and Lucy Menzies's illustrated handbook, "The Saints in Italy" (Medici), found useful. The firm that brought out Mrs. Dana's "Story of Jesus," with its remarkable reproductions of old masters (Marshall Jones, of Boston), has published in much the same form "St. Francis of Assisi," a series of fifty color-reproductions from the water colors of Dom Pedro Subercaseaux, a monk of Quart Abbey, Isle of Wight. He is a Chilean who visited Assisi while in Italy to paint the portrait of Pope Pius X now in the Vatican, outlined this series of portrayals of the Franciscan legend, and during the years of their execution became a Benedictine. The text is in both French and English; the regular edition costs $25.

Whatever Stark Young has to say about Italy may be trusted concerning spirit as well as semblance, and what he has to say about Umbria in his new volume of "Encaustics," published by the *New Republic*, is worth placing the book on this list; it is, however, not altogether concerned with Italy, but treats subjects as diverse as the changing South—changing because rapidly becoming servantless—and the red-blooded college President. Doris Halman's "Honk" (Stokes), a spirited travel-novel, takes its party through Umbria, but at the same breakneck speed with which they do Europe in general. This book has an unusual and amusing plot and its people are all alive and jumping, but as a travel-guide all it will tell you is how to buy a little car in France, get it past the infuriating preliminaries, and run it through France, Spain, and Italy, one eye on the machinery and the other on the schedule of towns to be covered. Why, one asks, do people look forward to, and spend a life's savings on, an experience which they could duplicate by racing a Ford up and down the Dupont Highway? If the idea is but to go through places, any places will do to go through. All the same, it is a piquant love-story if the characters would not hop about so much.

The Novelist's Material
By SHEILA KAYE-SMITH
The Law's Authority*
By FABIAN FRANKLIN
The Tragic Philosophy*
By CHARLES M. BAKEWELL
The Artist as Southerner
By DONALD DAVIDSON
Science and Poetry
By I. A. RICHARDS
Unction for the Uneducated
By CHARLES A. BENNETT
Visions of Empire
By H. M. TOMLINSON
Stuart P. Sherman
By MARY M. COLUM

"I MUST express my delight," writes a subscriber, "at the article by Charles A. Bennett, 'Unction for the Uneducated'" That is one of the essays, you will note, which is mentioned among the brief list enshrined at the head of our column. It is but one of many which, run during the past months in the *Saturday Review of Literature,* have called forth the encomiums of its readers.

With the present issue, the *Saturday Review* enters upon the third year of its career, a year which is, we hope, to be the most richly fraught of its still young existence. Already there is promise of much to come. Of essays alone, to return to our muttons, as our friends the French would say, there is piquant material in the offing. Tucked away with a variety of contributions in our files are a spirited discussion of Henry Ford and the world of today; a suave but lively plea for humor and good-humor in letters; a discerning study of tradition and poetry. And tucked away in our memories are promises of articles ranging all the way from a discussion of the language of ants to a discursive comment on the latest volumes of the EncyclopediaBritannica.

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Points of View

"Letting One's Self Go"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*.

Sir: In a recent criticism on Burroughs in *Books* (the literary department of the *Herald-Tribune*) Mr. Stuart P. Sherman makes certain charges and statements, which in the interests of justice should not be allowed to go unchallenged.

Of the man who, by the sheer force of his doughty genius and indomitable spirit, so finely achieved as did Burroughs, we read, "He was tame where he should have been wild. He was smooth and decorous *when he should have been rank and savory. He was superficial* and explicit when he should have been abysmal and suggestive." Later, and still more amazing, charges follow: "*All Burroughs' significant general ideas are derived or deduced from Emerson, Thoreau, and Whitman. He originated little or nothing. Whenever his style shows tension, incision, epigrammatic force, Emerson or Thoreau is prodding him.*""

All these statements, especially those italicized, seem to me utterly refuted by the work of Burroughs and the man himself. If there was ever a man whose work was always "on its own roots," as florists say, it was Burroughs. How anyone can read a page of his sturdy, vibrant prose, notably "Literary Values," and not see how perfectly it mirrors its author, passes understanding.

The most patent qualities of Burroughs's work are strength, originality, sincerity, plus the literary overtones and undertones of a poet, which he always was at heart.

The chief complaint of the review under consideration seems to be that Burroughs was not another Whitman—that he did not "let himself go" enough. Now there are thousands of different ways of "letting one's self go." Must they all be like Whitman's?

Heaven forbid! Yet this is no arraignment of Whitman, because he was not like Burroughs. But it is an indisputable fact that the Almighty saw fit to make just one Whitman. On that score, shall we chide the Almighty for not "letting himself go" to the extent of producing Whitmans by the dozen; or, shall we not rather applaud him for his old, blessed habit of insuring diversity by breaking the mould after he has made a man? More than one Whitman, by the way, would have made the Seventh Commandment as much of a jest as the Eighteenth Amendment of our Constitution.

Naturally, the Great Designer could have gone on making Whitmans till the world reeked with the "burly, full-blooded" emanations from themselves and their inkbrews. For one, I am thankful that he made an entirely new batch of clay (finely flavored with savoury herbs) from which he made the mould for Burroughs. Hence are my sympathies all with the Almighty.

If one accuses Burroughs for not duplicating Whitman, why not be fair and bring the same charge against Emerson and Thoreau, both of whom were guilty of the same decency and decorum in their lives and letters, which has been so severely reprimanded in Burroughs? Why should the vest on these allure, which on Burroughs our critic cannot endure? A writer may be strong without being rank.

As before intimated, there are hundreds of ways of letting one's self go; and the result is not always "savoury," but it seems that the kind of letting-go that must now be the measure of literary value is some swashbuckling expression of sex energy. Must every dish be flavored with tabasco sauce, or be sniffed off the literary table?

To speak the truth, net, our jails and asylums are full of people who "let themselves go." Cain did it, and all his military successors, who have helped to fill the world with untimely graves. David let himself go; so did Solomon, whose regrets survive in his proverbs. His wife tried her best to make Job let himself go, to the extent of cursing God. All the atrocities of the Old Testament were committed by people who let themselves go. But we find another standard offered in the New Testament, whose strong, virile men like Jesus and Paul were precisely those who did not let themselves go, but dammed their power till its might has been felt to the uttermost rim of the world.

Returning to the charge of lack of originality, even the titles of Burroughs's books would acquit him; and how much more the vigorous freshness of all his ideas and figures, which are uniquely rich in the volume, "Literary Values." In his spell-binding chapter on analogies, his own are always among the best. For strength, poetic pith and exactness, how could one improve on these?

How accurately, too, with his shepherd's sling and pebble, does he hit the middle of the forehead of that good old Goliath, Carlyle:

> Great men are like through trains that connect far-distant points; others are merely locals.
>
> The Old World is unctuous with the ripeness of ages, the very marrow-fat of time.
>
> An old tree, unlike an old person, wears a girdle of perpetual youth.
>
> The blue-bird's note is the violet of sound.
>
> Emerson's work was not a lamp to guide your feet, but a star to give you your bearings . . . He was a rare soul, probably the most astral genius in English, or any other literature.
>
> He did not write in the old way . . . the depths were laid open; the abyss yawns; the cosmic forces and fires stalk forth and become visible and real . . . there was a plethora of power; a channel as through rocks had to be made for it and there was an incipient cataclysm whenever a book was to be written. *His style is like a road made of rocks; when it is good, there is nothing like it; and when it is bad, there is nothing like it.*

Does this sound like "cup custard" literature?

To judge Burroughs merely by his nature books, would be as unfair as to estimate the Bible by the books of Chronicles and Numbers. One does not know Burroughs unless he has read all his twenty-three volumes, including those in which the poet, naturalist, and philosopher all chant together in a Job-like strain, as they frequently did under any strong emotion, especially that of sublimity. After a visit to Mammoth Cave a prosaic writer might have stated that the place was "not much frequented," but Burroughs wrote, "The imprint of his moccasin in the dust might remain undisturbed for a thousand years."

Although Burroughs was rated as a prose writer, all his work is countersigned by The Heathen Nine. Nor does it behoove us to forget in this much-quoted poem, "Waiting," written at the age of twenty-four, there are lines that march with the footfalls of the immortals:

I stand amid the eternal ways
And what is mine shall know my face.

"Some minds," wrote Burroughs, "are like an open fire; there is directness, reality, charm; we get something at first hand that warms and stimulates." Just that is true of Burroughs. There are in his pages a warmth and human fellowship—often entirely absent in Thoreau, much as we may admire and extol him. With so much of the warmth and light of the world withdrawn by war, mankind needs to husband whatever it has left, whether in men and women, or in books. John Burroughs was engagingly human, and all his criticisms on nature, or on literary themes, are vastly more valid and helpful because he saw and wrote not alone by the cold, northern light of his intellect, but also by the warm, southern glow of his heart.

ELLEN BURNS SHERMAN

Ashburnham, Mass.

Musical Glasses

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

In his letter of July 17th Mr. Arthur Wallace Peach may have led some of your readers to picture Benjamin Franklin performing so supernaturally on a mouth-organ as to evoke the remarkable stanzas quoted from Nathaniel Evans.

Musical terminology is so fraught with pitfalls that Mr. Peach's error—if he wasn't merely spoofing—is neither flagrant nor unique. Particularly has the "ancient and honorable 'Armovikov' "—whatever it may have meant to the Greeks—been the ancestor of a large and varied progeny in modern instruments and musical terms. Franklin's harmonica was the "musical glasses," an instrument frequently mentioned in late eighteenth century letters, and consisted of a device which Franklin contrived for utilizing the clear tones given out by wet glasses when rubbed with the fingers—one of the most venerable resorts for enlivening the tedium of a long repast known to child or man. Franklin arranged thin glass bowls on a long horizontal spindle, operated by a treadle, in such a manner that they revolved in a trough of water. The performer, touching the rims as they revolved, astonished, or according to his skill delighted his hearers, as Nathaniel Evans so rhapsodically has testified.

This harmonica of Franklin's and the harmonicas now epidemic on the sidewalks of New York have less in common than Apollo's lyre and the jewsharp. Franklin's harmonica has become obsolete—although it had a considerable vogue, and little pieces were written for it by Mozart and Beethoven. The modern harmonica belongs to the family of the harmonium—itself a scarcely remembered household instrument of the '50's—the cabinet-organ, the concertina, and the accordian, keyboard instruments combining a steady air-supply (either pressure or suction) with metallic free reeds.

Musical malapropisms are so frequently delightful, and offer such inviting opportunities for the proud display of lesser eruditions that it would be a shame to counsel Mr. Peach or any others to make use of the dictionaries of music. In this particular instance we are glad that he knew—or pretended to know—no better. Otherwise the remarkable verses of Nathaniel Evans, and Franklin's literal dabbling with music, might not have been recalled to us.

HENRY W. MATLACK.

Grinnell College

Taking Exception

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

Easy as it would be to face your reviewer of "Gold of Ophir" with the facts, it is difficult to assess his motives. Applying all the "sound canons of historical writing" as clearly set forth in such books as Allen Johmnson recently published, to Mr. Harlow's simple summary of my book it would be no difficult matter to riddle his armor with the self-same "canons."

For instance, he says that there is no hint in either the preface or text of "Gold of Ophir" of the relative importance of the European trade and the China trade before 1807. Yet, if he will read through the paragraph in the preface from which he quotes, he will find the hint, and if he will turn to pages 4, 64, 87, 88, 89, 90, etc. he will find figures and definite comparisons.

He passes my main contribution to the subject, i. e., the influence of our relations with China on the westward expansion in America with the implication that it is wrong simply because he believes a whole book and not half a book would be necessary to convince him. Professor Johnson, quoting Mabillon, says: "It is not enough that a historian should not be a liar: he must possess judgment and accuracy, so as not on the one hand to believe and on the other not to *disbelieve too readily*."

Mr. Harlow says the last two chapters "abandon facts," and yet aside from a few general statements, my effort in these two chapters (with which Havelock Ellis writes me he finds himself "in much general agreement") was simply to point to words and quotations in the writings of Americans as evidence of an oriental influence—to wit, in Thoreau and Emerson. Two days after I sent my manuscript to the publishers I received from Mr. Canby a copy of Adolph Reichwein's "China and Europe" (which I reviewed in the *Saturday Review*, June 27th last) wherein the identical method was employed to prove the same influence on Europe. Mr. Harlow, instead of welcoming news, seems to sing the old refrain, "Please go way and let me sleep."

the trouble to read Allen Johnson's "The Historian and Historical Evidence" to check up my sins. I fail to find wherein I broke any sacred "canons" other than to dare to believe that there may be something in human history not as yet recorded by the elect. As a Devil quoting scripture, may I offer this from Dr. Johnson: "A study or monograph which upsets a traditional view of some phase of history either by the discovery of new sources, or by a new interpretation of the old, is almost invariably founded upon a working hypothesis; and the monograph, stripped of its literary form and resolved into its logical components, consists of a detailed verification, or proof, of the validity of the hypothesis." This, I trust, applies to critics no less than to authors.

SYDNEY GREENBIE.

"Acoma: The Sky City"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

A recent review of Mrs. W. T. Sedgwick's "Acoma, the Sky City," by Professor George P. Winship is quite generous of its space but less so of its encomiums. This is the more surprising since it seems that your reviewer appreciates the adequacy of Mrs. Sedgwick's book for the task she set herself. She tried no more than to draw a coherent picture of the striking history of this Pueblo since the Spanish advent and show its native background. The latter is an awkward task, for in view of the paucity of the material on the Acoma, it must be pieced together from our knowledge of other Pueblos.

It seems however that Mr. Winship's criticism is largely directed toward her ethnology. I should feel culpable if it was deserved, for Mrs. Sedgwick gave me the pleasure of a preliminary reading. But observe that Mr. Winship's dissatisfactic is that she does not follow the views Mr. F. W. Hodge on Southwestern ethnology. Mr. Hodge's opportunities to gain sympathetic understanding of Pueblo li have been second to none. His colleagu have long bent a respectful ear in fu knowledge that his opinion is worth waitir for. But Mr. Winship in his excess friendship for Mr. Hodge has put him an embarrassing position, for it has be overlong, some forty years, I think, th Mr. Hodge remains silent. It will hard do for Mr. Winship, then, to upbraid M Sedgwick for failure to follow where M Hodge does not lead.

LESLIE SPIER.

University of Washington.

The Chemist Reports

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

The chemist (now more often labelle "pharmacologist") wishes to announce h discovery, upon C. M.'s own recommend tion, of two—as the poles apart, yet eac of a charm irresistible—Frederick Nive and Stella Benson. The chemist's first ed tions of each are in process of accummul tion, though that intriguing title "th Wilderness of Monkeys" still eludes, an several of Stella's poses are in the shado of the future.

But he begs to report, firstly, Nive writes from Nelson, B. C. in a charmin epistle, that, really and truly the "angel wings are brushing the pool"—that the are to be found seething within him," a manner of people, their lives and hope troubled and happy"—and that perha they are to cumulate in something of th quality of "A Tale that is Told."

He tells me, by the way, that he, eve as I do, likes the "Tale that is Told" be ter than "Ellen Adair." Why, oh wh save for the lewd spirit of the modern pul lisher—wasn't the "Tale" chosen for r print to succeed the "Justice" rather tha "Ellen?"

Report, the second: the chemist woul like to mention, since they in the throes o collector's fever always babble of finds—that, upon the boards of Johnson's Second hand Bookstore, Springfield, Mass., wa found two days ago in a group of *thirty nine-centers*—to wit:

3 copies, no less, of Stella Benson "Pipers and a Dancer"—clean and new, still remain—let Benson fans take heed.
Aumonier, Stacy—Just Outside
—The Golden Windmil
—Overheard
Nichols, Robert—Fantastica

The chemist had no sooner opened "Fan tastica" past the Masefield introduction an into the preface than his eye chanced upon

What the poets sing today, the scientist will assert tomorrow, followed by the quo tation:

I saw Eternity the other night
Like a great ring of pure and endles night

"See Einstein."

Obviously a book for they work in sci ence. Well with those thirty-niners an our *Harper's* at 35c., we have a month' reading. The 500 odd pages of "Th Theory of Relativity" by our good ol relatively eccentric friend, Ludwig Silber stein, do not count.

Billy Phelps is bugs on clubs. I d wish you'd start a club for people who hav invaded the two Best Bookstores of th World (as set forth in C. M.'s works)— so I could qualify for a club. I neve seem to go to the places W. P. elects to Of course I might want to add a sort o accolade of the inner temple for those mem bers of the BBW club who had also browsec at Johnson's in Springfield. But of cours I do have my own clubs:—the Gottlanc club requires that one has bicycled all ove that Baltic Island. To qualify in my Dalecarlia club you must have ski-ed aroun Lake Siljan. Then there is my Aurland' fiord club—you walk down the Myrdal t Flaam for that. There is a place in th "Corn" where I ate strawberry tarts whe in Oxford one week in June, can't remem ber the name, perhaps you can tell me— probably you qualify for that club. There' the place at *old Upsala* where you drink genuine honey *mead* out of silver mounte drinking horns! Then of course there ar the clubs of frequenters of Marti's in th Rue Richelieu and Blá Porten in the Norr Djurgården. There, I feel much better I've my own clubs in spite of Billy Phelps spiced most of them with a tang of north ern air—better than graveyards, however lit'ry.

New Haven, Conn. C. S. L.

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The World of Rare Books

By Frederick M. Hopkins

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN"

AT a recent sale at Hodgson's in London a copy of Harriet Beecher Stowe's Uncle Tom's Cabin," 1852, illustrated by eorge Cruikshank and published by Cas-l, brought £16 10s. It was described as ie first English edition, an error which ads William Roberts to discuss the matter length in the London *Times Literary upplement* in his department, "Notes on ules." The information he gives will be interest to collectors here, for there is ways a demand for first editions, Ameri-n and English, of this famous American ook.

The date, 1852, does not help in arriv-g at the decision as to which is the actual st English edition. In that year, within very few weeks of one another, nearly a ore of rival editions were published in ondon, all pirated, for which the author ver received a farthing. The value to-y of Cassell's edition, illustrated by Cruik-ank, is almost exclusively owing to the ustrations. Cassell published two entirely fferent editions of the book in the same ar; one, the earlier, with eight common-ace woodcuts, in boards, and perhaps ridged, which was sold for a shilling. he much more elaborate issue, in larger pe, on better paper, contained twenty-ven illustrations on wood "from the faith-l and benevolent pencil" of George Cruik-ank. The publishers' preface is dated idgate Hill, December, 1852.

In point of seniority the claim of being e first English edition must rest with one the many editions bearing the imprint of arke and Company. It was probably arke's edition that was reviewed in *The henaeum* on May 22, 1852, and it was rtainly that of Clarke mentioned in *The terary Gazette* a month later. The late nry Vizetelly, in his "Glances Back rough Seventy Years," tells the story of at he claims to be the first English edi-n.

Vizetelly says that no advance copy of Uncle Tom's Cabin" was submitted to any English publisher; but Bogue, the London publisher, received an ordinary copy from a young men in Putnam's book store in New York, accompanied by a letter stating that the book was selling rapidly in the United States, and suggesting that Mr. Bogue should reprint it and send him a trifle for the suggestion. Mr. Bogue did not care to embark in cheap American reprints and offered the book to Vizetelly and he offered it to Salisbury and Clark to publish a cheap edition of the book. The book was a crown octavo, price half a crown, and 2,500 copies were printed. The half a crown volume was a failure, and all the remaining stock in sheets was trimmed to foolscap octavo and issued in boards at a shilling, and as such shared in the immense and sudden popularity of the rival editions.

The late Sampson Low, who was afterwards Mrs. Stowe's English publisher, stated that from April to December, 1852, twelve different editions (not reissues) at one shilling were published in England, and that within twelve months no fewer than eighteen different houses in London were engaged in supplying the demand that had set in. He further added that the total number of editions was forty, varying from the fine illustrated edition at 15s. to the cheap one at 6d.; and he estimated that the circulation in Great Britain and her Colonies exceeded 1,500,000 copies.

Within a year or two "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was translated into many European languages, among them eight translations in French, one in Armenian, and another in Finnish. By a happy foresight of Thomas Watts, of the British Museum, it is exceptionally rich in all the early editions and translations of this famous book. Apart from Cruikshank, a number of other artists were called in to illustrate the early editions —Gilbert, Leech, Nicholson, Sears, and Thomas. Public interest quickly extended to the Royal Academy for in 1853 there were two pictures inspired by incidents in the book. The popularity of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" continued unabated until the end of the century, and it is probable that it has never been out of print in England since its first issue seventy-four years ago.

TERCENTENARY EXHIBITION

COLLECTORS interested in material relating to the early history of New Netherlands, later renamed New York, should see the tercentenary exhibition in the main room at the New York Public Library. It is rich in material of all kinds, autograph letters, documents, maps, views, pamphlets, broadsides, and books. The history of New Netherlands, dating from the first recorded discovery in 1524, by Giovanni de Verrazzano, an Italian, to the end of the Dutch jurisdiction is told in great detail. The old prints are of especial interest. There is one dated 1679, that gives a view of the island from the north—a hilly pasture where cows are grazing. Another of an early date shows the sky line of Manhattan to be of an outline of farm house roofs. There is the history of Jans Bogardus's farm that later became the property of Trinity Church, and there are maps of the original grants of village lots from the Dutch West India Company to inhabitants of New Amsterdam. The exhibition is worth going a long way to see, for it brings more interesting facts together in regard to the island that Peter Minuit paid $24 for 300 years ago, than has ever been placed on view before.

NOTE AND COMMENT

OVER $100,000 has been raised for the new Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon to replace that recently destroyed by fire. Subscriptions are coming from all parts of the world.

In a message to two hundred undergraduates of Canada, who are now touring England, Thomas Hardy said he felt mentally related to Canadians "through that admirable poet, Bliss Carman, who, he was glad to know, was still writing."

Two letters to Akhanaton, the heretic King of Egypt, written on clay tablets, which feasure only a few inches in their greatest dimensions, have been placed on exhibition in the recent accessions room of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. According to the July number of *The Bulletin*, the official publication of the Museum, these two letters, with the exception of a fragment of a letter at the University of Chicago, are the only Amarna tablets in America.

The Brick Row Book Shops are celebrating this year the tenth anniversary of their founding. In the decade since Byrne Hackett sold his first book for five dollars and thought it an event, he has sold more than $1,500,000 worth of books.

For many years William M. Clemens, editor of *The Genealogy Magazine*, has been assembling the early marriage records from all the colonies, and a selection has been made of 15,000 marriages before 1699, which covers the period from the landing of the Mayflower Pilgrims and the first settlement of Virginia at Jamestown in 1607, soon to be published in a volume, entitled "The American Marriage Records before 1699." It will contain the marriage record of John Coolidge, the first of the family in America; of Abraham Lincoln's ancestors; of the Adams and Quincys, of Boston, and other families distinguished in the social and political life of America.

The editor in discussing the sales of "The Past Season" in *The Americana Magazine* writes: "For the benefit of the collector, who, of late years, has been discouraged through the reported high figures in newspapers, let it be said that notwithstanding occasional sensationally high prices for spectacular items, Americana is at present the cheapest thing in the market, measured by standards of relative rarity and importance. The mediocre sales contained many gems that went low. In my own sales a number of items went at prices below those for which they could be duplicated. Collectors who look for an investment first, may safely trust themselves to Americana, providing that they are willing to get acquainted with their subject. The Americana collector, with a real knowledge of the subject, is fast disappearing; in fact, he must be looked for with a Diogenes lantern."

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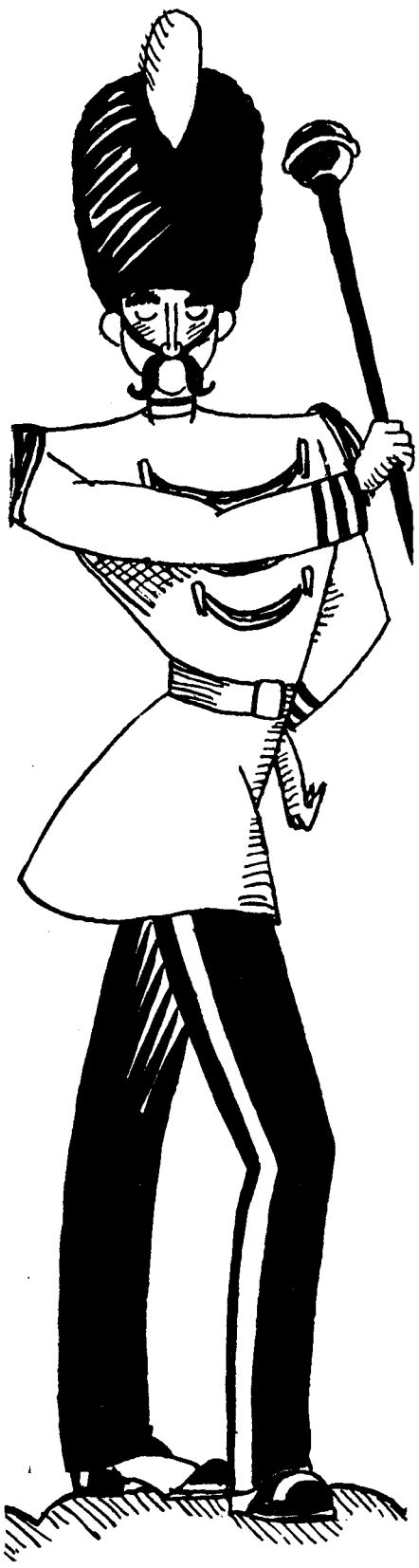

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NOWADAYS everyone in the public eye seems to write a book. *Carpentier*, the prize-fighter, is now said to be writing his autobiography, *Suzanne Lenglen* has already appeared as a novelist, and *Harry Thaw*, we understand, is dictating the story of his life. But more important to us is the announcement that a new novel by *Stella Benson*, called "Good-by, Stranger," will appear in the Fall. . . .

And *May Sinclair*—she will contribute a new novel, "Far End," and *Edward Garnett's* new find, *H. E. Bates*, will father "The Two Sisters" in September, and *Rudyard Kipling* is announced with "Debits and Credits." . . .

Of course it's all out now about *Magdalen King-Hall*, who, under the pen-name, "*Cleone Knox*," wrote the "Diary of a Young Lady of Fashion." And her greatest pet, incidentally, is a Kerry Blue named Blaney, although she also possesses a ginger Irish terrier. . . .

The first number of the first volume of the *Yale Library Gazette*, which they hope to continue quarterly, comes from *Andrew Keogh*, Yale Librarian. It is most beautifully printed. . . .

During our vacation we read thoroughly *Walter Noble Burns's* "Billy the Kid." It is certainly a cracking good biography. Recent reports that Billy was not dead after all, but still alive, called forth much testimony *pro* and *con* from old-timers of the Southwest. Burns himself produced three witnesses to the Kid's death, over and above Sheriff *Pat Garrett*, who compassed it. And *Owen P. White*, associate editor of *Collier's*, wrote as follows:

> Pat told me he killed the Kid, *Poe of Roswell* said he buried him and *Phil Lenoir*, the Santa Fe poet, also presumed to be dead, asserted that the remains were later disinterred to determine whether or not the trigger finger was missing. At the time of the disinterment which was conducted under the auspices of *Pat Garrett* himself the trigger finger was still present and the late sheriff wired the poet:
>
> *The trigger finger of Kid Billee*
> *Is still upon his dead bodee*
> *I know because I dug to see.*

Speaking of poetry, the latest addition to the London landscape is a young poet, *Victor Hilton*, who retails his poems at a shilling near Bush House. On a fence he has pinned up criticisms of his work. . . .

And speaking further of it, *Lincoln MacVeagh*, of the Dial Press, announces a new series, "The Little Books of New Poetry," and invites the submission of manuscripts. The books are to be octavo size, limited to thirty-two pages, bound in paper, and retail at the price of 25 cents. No work already issued in book form will be accepted. All communications should be addressed to Lincoln MacVeagh, 152 West 13th Street. The first volume to be published will be "The Portrait of the Abbott," by *Richard Church*. . .

Three books about *Thomas Jefferson* have been published this year in quick succession. One by *Albert Jay Nock* is sure to be worth reading, and "The Life and Letters of Thomas Jefferson," by *Francis W. Hirst*, the English economist, is a work of distinction. . . .

Romain Rolland has called *Henry de Montherlant* "the greatest force in French letters today." M. Montherlant is an amateur bullfighter (like our own *Ernest Hemingway!*) and has run the hundred meters in 11 4-5ths. He is also a fine shot and association-football player. The Dial Press is bringing out his novel, "The Bullfighters," in the fall. . . .

Vachel Lindsay now rejoices in a daughter and *Philip Barry* in a son. *Donald Ogden Stewart* has just been married. And, speaking of Hemingway, he has gone to Pamplona, Navarra, to see the season's bullfights. His September novel, "The Sun Also Rises," contains, by the way, a thrilling description of a fight in a Spanish arena. . . .

The American Caravan, a Yearbook of American literature, will make its first appearance in the early Autumn—no, not this year—1927. It will be published by the Macaulay Company and its editors are *Van Wyck Brooks, Alfred Kreymborg, Lewis Mumford*, and *Paul Rosenfeld*. . . .

The American Parade, now in its third number (the magazine that is bound like a book) comes to our desk carrying contributions by *George O'Neil, Helene Mullins, Louise Townsend Nicholl, Carty Ranck, Ethel Watts Mumford, Jacques Le Clercq, Walter Adolphe Roberts*, and so on. . . .

We hear that *Basil Dean* and *Margaret Kennedy* are progressing with their dramatization of "The Constant Nymph." Early Autumn production is in sight. Miss Kennedy's next novel, called "Farewell to Adventure," will probably be ready for serialization early in the fall. . . .

Did you ever hear of *Angela Brazil?* Well, she's a favorite author for girls in England. Recently the librarians of the Croydon public library conducted a poll among their boy and girl readers. Who headed the boys' list as favorite? *P. F. Westerman*—ever hear of him? The girls plumped for *Angela Brazil*, who had twice as many votes as *Kipling*. And there you are. . . .

Are you a "Lunatic at Large" fan? Perhaps we should say "The Lunatic in Charge," as that is the last one. Well, anyway, *J. Storer Clouston* is "all for" the Orkneys, where he resides. In fact, you would be surprised to learn how much of his time has been spent in antiquarian research concerning them. For twelve years he has edited "The Records of the Earldom of Orkney." And he's even a member of the Orkney County Council! . . .

Are you fond of camels? *Oppenheimer*, of the Viking Press, who manfully upheld his end in the recent camel-controversy with *Heywood Broun*, advises you to read *R. F. Dibble's* "Mohammed" because of "Al-Kaswa," the camel, who advised the prophet where to build mosques. But *F. A. Stokes* and Company point out that *Percival Christopher Wren's* "Beau Geste" and "Beau Sabreur" are both books partial to the picturesque "frigates of the desert," and that *Norma Lorimer's* volume of Eastern impressions, "By the Waters of Carthage," succumbs unequivocally to their fascination. . . .

Elinor Wylie's "The Orphan Angel," to appear this fall, is by all odds the most remarkable novel she has written. Of her former works of fiction *Max Beerbohm* is a great admirer. The author of "Jennifer Lorn" and "The Venetian Glass Nephew" is now in England. . . .

We have finished *Cyril Hume's* "The Golden Dancer." Hume was best man at the wedding of *F. W. Bronson*, the young and talented author of "Spring Running," and is now married again. We were a tremendous admirer of Hume's "Cruel Fellowship." In comparison with it "The Golden Dancer" is a slight disappointment. Yet in it Hume shows an enviable gift for transcribing living colloquial speech. English writers could well learn of him how the average American man in the street—and in "the sticks"—actually talks. Hume's average people have the breath of life in them. We expect great things of this writer. . . .

Stephen Vincent Benét, to whom "Cruel Fellowship" was dedicated, has just sailed for France with his wife and small daughter. They will settle in Paris near the Parc Monceau. . . .

Kenneth Grahame, the master of "The Wind in the Willows," now breaks a long silence with an introduction to "*Lord*" *George Sanger's* "Seventy Years a Showman." That is, the book will be out on the twentieth of August. You remember "Sanger's Circus" in "The Constant Nymph?" But here is the *real* Sanger and the *real* Circus! When Sanger retired in 1905 he, in the words of Mr. Grahame, "proceeded to set down the simple yet moving annals of his past career, with the same calm courage with which he would draw the aching tooth of a favorite elephant." His book, of the title it still bears, was originally published in 1910, but did not then attract the attention it really deserved. This reissue, with Mr. Grahame's introduction, is, we hope, to achieve a wider fame. . . .

And so we are reminded that, although we are *not* an elephant, we *have* an aching tooth. It has just been filled, but still it aches. We wish it had been pulled, like the other one. We don't believe the nerve in it is worth saving; it must be a very young and headstrong nerve, with a bad case of egocentricity; because it seems to be trying to usurp our whole attention. . . .

"Cut it out, will you?" we keep saying to it. "You're not as important as all that. Let us think." But the nerve goes on yowling in our ear and jumping around and cussing. None of our other nerves ever carry on so. That's what we tell it. But it has no effect. . . .

So we shall really have to stop writing until we can get this nerve to quiet down. We are going to try singing it to sleep. Or maybe we'll just have to sit and wait till it gets sleepy of itself. However, here goes for a try. . . .

"Rock-a-bye, ner-vee——!"

THE PHŒNICIAN.

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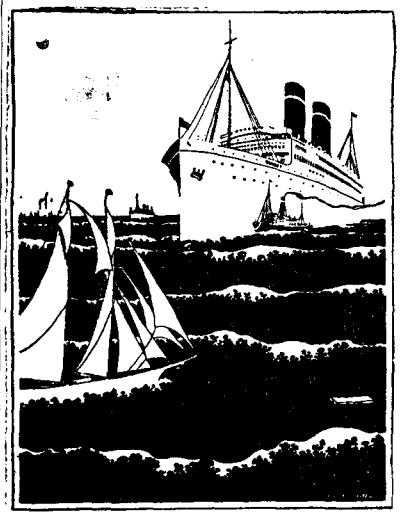

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